TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

At the Baptist Convention, which has been in session here during the past week, an interesting discussion took place with regard to "Dependent churches" and the work which should be accomplished by the young preachers, who as a rule are sent to minister to such communities. The Rev. Alexander Grant of Winnipeg, who for years had charge of the Baptist Home Missions and is one of the most brilliant and earnest of the Baptist clergymen in Canada, delivered a very stirring speech in which he pointed out that the chief aim of a church should not be to become large and fashionable, but to do good. Many of his brethren considered that he was unduly severe upon the faculty of McMaster University, insomuch as he alleged that there should be in that institution a professor of common sense. I do not know why it should be, but the teaching work in theological institutions of all the religious sects, and I presume it is not different in McMaster University, is of an abstract and dry-as-dust sort. Students get a very fine knowledge of Greek and learn all about exegesis and homiletics, while failing to acquire that knowledge which makes it possible for them to be effective in ministering to those in their charge or who could be attracted to their congregation if the preaching were of a more practical kind.

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There are few professions in which there are so few marked successes as that of the ministry. The majority of those who may be called the out-put of theological seminaries are drowsy, heavy fellows who fail to comprehend that the inspiration of which they speak cannot be expected to touch with fire the tongue of the slow-witted and dull people who imagine that their Greek and piety should be a sufficient equipment. No doubt poorer material is offered to the professors in these institutions than is in the hands of those who prepare men for law, medicine and the general pursuits of intellectual life. There are as many prizes in the ministry, though the highest are not quite so high as in law, yet we find brighter minds and many more of them at the bar than in the pulpit. There are more dull men who mistake enthusiasm for genius, who fail to discriminate between pious laziness and inspiration, than in any other walk of life. I am particularly fond of preachers, for they afford me the best studies I have in human nature as it may become warped by the adulation of small people, combined with a self-complacency which seems to take possession of those who imagine that they are making a great sacrifice in accepting a small salary for serving God, while they might have a large retainer for serving the devil. As a matter of fact it is generally the position, not the man, that earns the respect of parishioners and the man himself would be lost in competition with the despised many who follow some more fleshly occupation. Many of these men are making a great sacrifice; many of them are abandoning pursuits which might be very remunerative. The Rev. Alexander Grant is one of these. He is a particularly bright and humorous man who on the religious-lecture platform might make a large amount of money. He is more bright and taking than Sam Jones and might earn a popularity as great as has been made by that remarkable Southerner, while doing vastly more good, yet he is an exception and there are not many like him in the Baptist denomination or any other. Farmers who are enthusiastic and have some gift of public speaking very often think they are "called" to the ministry when as a matter of fact they are simply tired of hard work. They go to a theological seminary to prepare for the ministry, believing that their piety and earnestness will supply the lack of ability and knowledge of human nature necessary to make them worthy ministers of the Gospel. After they acquire a knowledge of Greek they think themselves educated, and after learning the rules of homiletics believe that they are ready to go out and preach. What Brother Grant says about a knowledge of the Bible being of the greatest value to such men, is true. To know human nature and how to heal the wounds caused by sin, and convert those who are approaching nearer God and good things, by suffering and a realization of the vanity of everything earthly, is a very different but equally necessary equipment.

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A drowsy theological seminary cannot make a good preacher out of a tired plowman or a converted blacksmith. A portion of the blame must be allotted to teachers who do not know how to develop men and properly equip them, but much of the trouble is caused by the poorness of the material. Paul, the great reasoner, the man who had been thoroughly educated in law and knew all about the creeds of his day, was chosen by Christ as the great exponent of his doctrine. Inspiration even at that early period of the church was not relied upon as sufficient armament against the philosophers and doctors of that day. When modern inspiration is of such a moderate sort, pious fervor certainly cannot be sufficient to combat the well tutored men who are not prepared to accept the truth without hearing from the preachers of, it a reason for the faith that is in them.

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How is it that the church does not win to it preachers who are learned in other professions? Why does it find it necessary to select its preachers from amongst those young men who have so little knowledge of the world? The grand truths of christianity are sufficient to inspire those who have been engaged in the most glorious of secular careers, and there is nothing in these truths which should come in conflict with the erudition found necessary to equip men in less pious professions. Both Brother Grant and those who opposed his idea it seems to me are partially wrong. It is a question of material, a question of attracting men who do not need to make their preliminary studies at McMaster University or anywhere else. Very few young men are fit to undertake the responsibility of the pulpit. The grand career of preaching the Gospel, of winning men from evil ways should attract the most learned and most earnest of those who have any ability in gaining the ear of the populace. Can it be true, do not facts suggest it as being true, that religionists have become so narrow and exclusive, so set upon certain doctrines that few but the un-informed, the unlearned, those eagerly anxious to obtain a social and professional status of some sort will accept the doctrines and the difficulties of pulpit and pastoral labor? If it be so it is but a natural result that a large percentage of them are failures, for no profession, whether it be pious or otherwise, can change a bumpkin into an orator, transform the one who should be following the plough into a successful teacher of men. In order to get a preacher then, must we catch him young? before he is spoiled by the world, that is to say, before he knows what the world is like? If this be the case, a chair of common sense would be a fine addition to the ordinary theological seminary. Tuition in the wondrous ways of the human heart as well as in the mysteries of theology, should be given. A special course in the demonstration of mental and emotional anatomy should be instituted, yet with all these advantages the theological student who is dull and heavy could not be transformed into one bright and engaging. I am of the opinion that the church should endeavor to obtain the entire service of men who know the world. How is it that Mr. Sam Blake, for instance, does not give his entire attention to preaching? He is fond of it and would be an exceedingly successful pulpit minister. He makes more money by practicing law. Religion with him, as it is with the majority of people, is not the absorbing thing of life, but a side show. There is evidently something lacking both financially and morally and spiritually in religious organizations, or our clever men when they abandon the flesh pots of sin would give themselves and all their service to the saving of souls and the preaching of the message of love.

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The Young Liberals and the Young Conservatives have elected their presidents and have listened to speeches and have been able to more or less successfully demonstrate that some queer sort of unreasoning zeal is their chief and guiding impulse. As far as I can discover they do not seize upon any great principle and become enamored of it for patriotism's sake. No better evidence of how material and unlovely our politics have become can be found than the attitude of so large a number of young men who so early in life are tainted by the cynicism, yes, by the corruption which makes a pure patriotism and thoughtful eagerness for the country's good an absurdity in their midst. I am quite convinced that these organizations of young men are of great value to the members thereof and the community generally, but I am far from satisfied that they are developing upon the best and most patriotic lines. Yet it seems to be an ungracious thing to criticize in this way, for what can be done? Our whole atmosphere is impregnated with partizanship. Patriotism and patriotic performances are left to the schoolboys. The little fellows with their wooden guns are partizans already, though thank heaven the pure white flame of patriotism seems to kindle easily in their young hearts. Probably the best way of putting out these ineffectual fires would be the organization of associations of Boy Reformers and Boy Conservatives, the election of officers, the canvassing and nagging and pettifogging which precede and follow the struggles of a puny election.

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The chief joke of the month is the suggestion of a Montreal paper that Premier Abbott should use "patriotic compulsion" and save the country by adding to his cabinet Christopher Robinson, or W. H. Howland, or Edward Blake. Of course both Christopher Robinson and Edward Blake are good and capable men, but neither of them is a politician, and it would be impossible to obtain their services by "patriotic compulsion" or otherwise. There has not been a funnier suggestion however since the Conservative party began to look about it for a new man, than that W. H. Howland go down there and convert the Cabinet. The more one thinks of it the funnier it gets. He started in to reorganize this town, and we have not got over it yet. The thought of him reorganizing the Cabinet and the country, of him holding mission services in the Public Works Department and making one of his desperate and ineffectual attempts to lead cities and provinces to walk in newness of life, while his official charge is going to the dogs, either indicates that this country is wofully lacking in men, or the editor of the Montreal paper is wofully lacking in sense, unless, of course, it is a joke! As a joke it is very, very funny. As a serious suggestion it is idiotic.

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The Hon. Mr. Chapleau seems to have the only really workable plan for reorganizing the Government and putting this country on the easy down grade to prosperity, and that is by making him Minister of Public Works or Railways and Canals. He is not particular which as long as he has a better opportunity than he at present enjoys of fattening himself and his followers at the well worn trough. The *Globe* has frequently told him that he applied for admission into the Liberal party and was black-balled. His denial is couched in the terms of a lawyer's quibble. In the first place, he says the charge is untrue; secondly, he had a right to offer to change his party alliance if he wanted to; thirdly, he can prove that other great men have done it. I am watching with interest to see what Premier Abbott does under the circumstances. We all know that this man Chapleau is an ingrate, a dangerous man. He has never proven himself loyal to his country and he has frequently proved himself disloyal to his leader and his party. He does not appear to me to be honest; the majority of the Conservatives and the entire body of Reformers consider him dishonest; he is skilful with nothing but his mouth, and yet he esteems himself the greatest French-Canadian alive. If Premier Abbott promotes him instead of dismissing him as he should, Canada may settle down to the conviction that so old and astute a man as Mr. Abbott having accepted Chapleau as a portion of the national situation, we must consider him the embodiment of those delightful French-Canadian virtues and vices necessary to make up a politician from that Canadian Nazareth. If we are reduced to such a strait as this we may consider ourselves in the dilemma which forced revolutionists before now into the belief that bloodshed is sometimes preferable to ballots. Ballots will become a farce if boodling is to be Canada's chiefest and finest art. As my friend Jim Fuller once remarked to me with regard to the state of society in Montana: "Horse-stealing had become so prevalent that it had begun to be regarded as a legitimate business."

"How did you cure it?" I inquired.

"One night we lynched eleven horse thieves, and the next day we went gunning for the rest."

It is time we began to adopt political lynch law in this country, and after the first harvest of those who have been robbing the treasury it would pay us to go gunning for the rest. If Premier Abbott has not heard of the touching little legend in which good dog Tray is made to come to grief by evil associations, someone should send him a copy of that useful volume, for he will be making a rope for his own neck if he promotes to an important spending department a man like Chapleau, whom the Grits wouldn't have, a man that the devil himself wouldn't have if he could help it. As I remarked before, I am of the opinion that in the present crisis a Conservative government with a Chapleau in it is preferable to a Reform government with so much queer timber, and possibly so many undeveloped Chapleaus in it, but I am not sure. We don't want to trade off the country to get rid of Chapleau, but we wouldn't mind trading off Premier Abbott to get rid of them, and that the whole affair, he conveyed an impression which it is impossible to reproduce in a mere sketch of what he said.

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Another thing which rather astonished the Toronto delegate was the ability displayed by the colored representatives, who at no time showed any inferiority to their white brethren. One day a colored bishop presided. His rulings and general attitude excited the admiration of all those present, for no better presiding officer occupied the chair during the entire Council. Altogether it was an admirable body and one I should have liked to have seen, for the brainiest men in one of the greatest denominations in the world were there assembled, editors, preachers, bishops and laymen, and, as Mr. Kennedy remarked, "the broadest phases of the broadest religious thought" were offered for consideration.

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The succession of Balfour to the Conservative leadership in the British House of Commons is but another instance of the truth of the doctrine I have long upheld in these columns, that it is the brave man, the fighter, the man who will grit his teeth and clench his hands and fight on through to the end, who gains supremacy. Balfour was sneered at as a "plaster of Paris Cromwell," "a political dude," "the nephew of Uncle Salisbury," and he has had more abuse than any other man who has been prominent within the last few years. He possessed the brains and the resolution to stay in the fight until sundown, no matter what happened, and while still a young man he now finds himself in the foremost seat in the greatest legislative body in the world. As to the propriety of his methods or the justice of his cause, it is not for you or me to debate when it is a matter of promotion within his party. He is as cold and undemonstrative as was Parnell himself; apparently utterly careless of what happens, never defiant, never apologetic, simply determined. I admire such men. They lead the people, they make history, and if they suffer they have nothing to say.

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The age and many infirmities of His Holiness the Pope have caused much discussion as to who shall succeed him. His Holiness says that he is not safe in Italy, that the temporal powers have isolated him and made him appear ridiculous by letting it be seen that he who claims to be God's vice-gerent on earth, has no right to give orders to a policeman in the town in which he lives. He does not say where he wants to go or where he could exercise his holy functions in temporal politics without coming in conflict with the authorities, but it is apparent that he has determined, and the Council of Cardinals have determined that his successor must be an Italian. I am not a candidate for the office myself, though probably if it were pressed upon me I might place myself in the hands of my friends, but it seems to me that for a church which has its weakest hold in Italy, the line of Italian popes has been quite long enough, and that an American pope or a Canadian pope, in fact almost any other kind of pope than an Italian pope, ought to have some show. Peter, I understand, was the first gentleman intrusted with the extraordinary powers claimed by Leo and Pius and all the other popes, and Peter, I imagine, was not an Italian. How would it be to return to a Hebrew pope? We would be assured of good business management and a cosmopolitan ability of no mean order.

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I admire the discipline and wide and varied knowledge of the Roman Catholic church. Auricular confession and training in the most difficult of mental arts have made the priesthood the finest judges of human nature and the most astute of managers, and they are in every way a distinguished and remarkably influential body, but can the supremacy of the church be maintained if Italian cardinals are to be kept numerically in the majority and the succession retained amongst themselves? The fight for the church's supremacy is not now in Europe; it is in America. In the old countries Catholics have got all they will ever get, and the fight is to hold what they have. In the new world the contest has only fairly begun and the aim of the church is to mould the institutions which are in a formative state so that Roman Catholicism shall have the advantage. In the most intensely Catholic countries in the old world and Spanish America, the sceptre of temporal power has long rolled in the dust. Nowhere is the religious office of the priest so exalted as in America, where spiritual control means an opportunity for the political guidance of the flock. Dr. McGlynn said that the Roman Catholic church would never be thoroughly reformed and in sympathy with the people until an American pope, topped by a plug hat and with an umbrella under his arm, walked down Broadway. This may be an exaggeration, for I once heard a clown in a circus say that "familiarity breeds despisery," yet I imagine that the shrewdest minds in the world—and they are within the pale of the church—might conceive and execute a scheme for making possible the popularizing of the papacy and thus enable it the better to seize upon the democratic countries and govern them as it has been found impossible to govern the nations in the old world. The center of papacy, like that of population, must move westward, for from the locality where it is established and where its presence is unwelcome must otherwise issue mandates which will not be received by those who breathe a freer atmosphere, and are being educated amidst more modern and progressive surroundings.

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By the way, as an example of a successful transaction that will likely take place if the sweet-voiced French-Canadian orator with a razor in his boot isn't attended to within a reasonable length of time.

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I had a chat the other day with Mr. Warring Kennedy, who had just returned from the Methodist Ecumenical Council held in Washington. He was much pleased with the characteristics of the five or six hundred delegates representing the thirty millions of adherents now claimed by the Methodist Church. The chief features of the discussion, he says, were those social topics involving personal purity and the uplifting of those who are at present socially at a disadvantage. The unity of Methodism, the consolidation of all those who in practical points believe alike, and a proper alliance with other evangelical bodies, also received a great deal of attention. President Harrison addressed the Council on Saturday and evidently made a good impression on the mind of Mr. Kennedy. He describes him as a little man—dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, Prince of Wales style, and black gloves—but with a big head and a composed manner. In what appeared to be an extemporaneous address he maintained the dignity of his high office and yet manifested a certain amount of enthusiasm as he paced up and down the platform addressing the Council. Mr. Kennedy accompanied the Epworth League when they were given a reception at the White House, and felt sorry for the President who had to shake hands with about seven hundred people who were perhaps unaware that the human digits cannot bear squeezing and pulling when so much hand-shaking has to be done. Sir Julian Pauncefort also visited the Council, but he merely bowed and had nothing to say, probably fearful that he might make a diplomatic mistake. In the bright and charming description which Mr. Kennedy gave me of the whole affair, he conveyed an impression which it is impossible to reproduce in a mere sketch of what he said.

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S. M. J. Woods, J. H. Hornsby, G. W. Hillyard, H. T. Hewett, K. McAlpine, Lord Hawke, Hon. H. Milles, G. W. Ricketts, C. W. Wright, C. Wreford-Brown, Lord Throwley.

The English Cricket Team.

modern pope of the Hebraic stamp, General Booth of the Salvation Army stands out the most conspicuous officer and religionist the world has ever developed. Might not the two armies be consolidated? Their work is somewhat on the same lines, and they alike appeal to the eye and the ear rather than to the reason. If nominations are in order I would respectfully beg to present the name of General Booth as a fit and proper person to be the combined pope of the Church and Salvation Army.

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Has it struck you that the suicidal mania is every year becoming a greater factor in the disposal of people who feel that they are out of joint with the world? Niagara Falls has nearly as great a reputation as a proper place from which to jump into eternity, as it has long enjoyed, the world over, as the Mecca of newly married couples and sight-seers. A sufficient number of people jump into the water at Niagara Falls to justify the establishment of a morgue at Queenston or Lewiston. Anyone who is distracted or over sentimental seems to find it easy while gazing into the swirling waters, to quietly let go of life, while mentally carried away by the roar and power of the sweeping tide, and dropping into it thus end, as far as this world is concerned, the whole troublesome business.

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The same swirling rush in the every-day affairs of life is apt to overwhelm many men and women who "let themselves go" and, without blowing out their brains or taking poison, finish their days in a mad whirlwind of passion or profligacy or business or desperation of some sort. It is easy to drop into such a tide, for but few seem to understand that the question of suicide is not confined to the putting of one's self to death instantaneously. Those who give themselves up to death in some mad way seem to imagine that the Great Judge will consider it a more reputable method of ending life than by shooting or drowning, or hanging or poisoning. Heart-failure, apoplexy, mad business, and a dozen other technical words are but other names for slow suicide, and this woful ending is nothing but the dropping into the roar and rush of the whirlwind and cataract, into which people precipitate themselves who are not anchored by a strong and pure affection for someone on earth or someone in heaven.

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The prosecution of Senecal by Sir John Thompson has rather startled the political world, especially in Lower Canada. It is suggested that it means the decadence of Chapleau's power. Just at the same time, strangely enough, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau is afflicted with heart failure. At a previous crisis he sprained his ankle and had to take to bed, and more than once when he has been needed he has had to go south for his lungs. So it forces itself upon my mind that Mr. Chapleau has pulled his halter strap as tight as it will go, and he begins to feel the throat-latch of it choking him a little. Anyone who reckons that he can bull doze Sir John Thompson or the square-jawed old man who is known to us as Premier Abbott, I imagine is making a mistake. There is not only one able man in the Government, but two men of distinguished ability and force of character. They can be pitiless if they choose. They must be just whether they choose or not. Except that I should hate to see the industries of the country wrecked in a crisis, an election at this time would be a purging thing. I have but little confidence in the public conscience, but there is a heap of hard sense in Canada, and the result of the parliamentary skirmishes and an election would be a manifestation of disapproval such as evil-doing has not had in Canada for a long time. Partizanship runs high, and it comes high. It has dulled the perception of the voter and things have been in that condition such as was described by a Yankee humorist, who asked a friend in an election contest as to who was the better man.

"Well, I don't know; I think they are both unmitigated scoundrels," answered the other.

"But which is our unmitigated scoundrel?" was the next question. "Of course we shall have to vote for him."

The taxpayer is getting sick of the situation; not that he has had any change of heart, but he has had some new light. He discovers himself as the victim, and while he is just as ready as ever to support scoundrels, he wants to get one who won't hurt him. This has been particularly the attitude of the French-Canadian elector. He felt that his scoundrel was pulling the money out of English Canada's pocket, and the bigger the scoundrel and the bigger the wad, the better he was pleased, but just now the *habitant* sees his own money being stolen, and he is unhappy.

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When I landed at Montreal last month from one of the uncomfortable vessels which the Allan line people make money out of, by working the patriotic scheme on Canadians, I saw a lot of Russian Jews disembark. They all had long coats and long beards. The coats had answered the purpose of handkerchief and towel during the voyage, and the beards were used chiefly to stroke during moments of thought and perplexity. I have often heard about "plucking the beard of the prophet," and I saw a good illustration of it. As one of these vermineaten and filthy exiles was passing through the baggage shed, an ill-mannered loafer caught hold of his beard and gave it a tug. No doubt Mr. Abrahams was used to this sort of treatment in Russia, but he was undeniably and unpleasantly surprised to receive it in Canada. He smoothed out his beard with one hand and gathered up his long coat with the other, and gave the offender a look which I shall never forget. It was full of that pent-up malignity which in an oppressed people must accumulate as in a volcano. He spat upon the floor, stamped his foot and went on.

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What about our new Union Station? The citizens and aldermen of Toronto have apparently fought, burgled, compromised and voted money in vain, for there are no signs of the "stately edifice" being erected. As I supposed would be the case, the Grand Trunk, following its old plan, has taken issue on minor details and refuses to proceed. It is time that this overgrown and poorly managed enterprise was made aware that those who pay taxes, fares and freight are sick of this funny business. If we get a stronger council next year, made up of men anxious to help Toronto even if they do not gain votes for themselves, the Grand Trunk will find that there are ways of making it confoundedly disagreeable for chronic obstructionists. The only way to coax the Grand Trunk is to kick it into shape, and it only needs a little fearlessness to do it.

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The *Globe's* protest anent the journalistic outcry in Quebec against its article on tithes and priestly coercion, is timely. It applies not only to the situation down there, where an article objectionable to the clergy may be the ruin of the paper publishing it, but to the position of affairs in Ontario where "What will the church think?" is the first question asked when an independent editorial meets the eye of the manager of a newspaper. Until there is a clearly laid down and well defined position for newspapers to occupy, until churches of all sorts confine themselves to spiritual matters and public morals, there will be conflict everywhere. While in the State there is the slightest political recognition of a church or of churches, they must remain a political power. There is not a daily paper in Toronto that dare come out and say what it really thinks about church influence in politics. Advertisers and subscribers alike have been taught to resent such criticism, and so we are left without it, or would be if SATURDAY NIGHT did not have its say. While this is the case we cannot throw stones at the French Canadian Papacy and its bull-dozed and subsidized press.

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Parnell's followers are not disposed to stretch their hands over the grave into which his Irish opponents forced him, and embrace the McCarthyites. Good enough! Next to a true lover I like a faithful hater! The leader of the Parnellites calls his opponents the clerical party. So they are. They are those who care more for Rome rule than Home rule. If they are not now, they were a while ago, ready to trade off the great national interests for a Catholic university. They would rather have the schools in their control than free the peasants from the land lords. I do not care which view of it is right; we may as well know the facts and then look for the motives which led to the killing of Parnell and will lead to the destruction of even the semblance of liberty now enjoyed by the few Irishmen left in Ireland.

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SATURDAY NIGHT of course will issue a Christmas Number this year, and I am willing to risk whatever reputation I may have of knowing a good picture from a bad one, on the assertion that never before in Canada has such a costly and artistically beautful pictorial supplement been offered with any publication as will this year accompany the holiday number of this paper. The work on the number itself is progressing and advance sheets indicate an unusually attractive book.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Leslie Reid, of Aberdeen, Scotland, has been visiting Mrs. Holland, of St. George street, preparatory to her departure for Europe.

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Mr. Harry Schofield, of the Dominion Bank, is enjoying a week's holiday at Brussels with his brother, P. G. Schofield, who is manager of the Standard Bank in that town.

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Miss Ida Nicol, of Clarence square, is visiting the family of the Hon. John Torrents, Muskegon, Mich. *On dit*, that Miss Nicols will eventually make Muskegon her permanent home.

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Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert are at Mrs. Cattanach's, 74 St. George street, for the winter.

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Mr. and Miss Bowie of Ottawa are at the Queen's.

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Miss Mackie of Ottawa is visiting at the Hon. Frank Smith's.

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Mrs. Charles Riordan gives an At Home this afternoon.

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Last week Mrs. Bickford of Gore Vale entertained at dinner Misses Small, Yarker and Hodgins, and Messrs. S. Small, Hodgins, DuMoulin and Dr. Crawford Scadding.

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Miss Anderson of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Henry Thompson of St. Mary street.

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Miss Maggie Grange of Napanee is the guest of Mrs. Cook of Spadina avenue.

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There are many young Canadians whose talents are receiving recognition abroad. Among them is Mr. Ernest Thompson, whose picture, The Sleeping Wolf, has obtained a place on the walls of the Salon of 1891. An engraving of this fine painting gives one an idea of the craft and wickedness of the subject, even in his somnolent pose, which reflects credit on the skill of the artist.

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The wedding of Mr. Stephen Soumer Haas and Miss Kate Rathbun Hees took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. George H. Hees, 147 Beverley street, Rev. Canon Cayley being the officiating clergyman. The bride's gown was of Duchess brocade satin veiled in point lace, and modeled on the new seamless princess pattern. The maid of honor was Miss Bessie Hees, and the bridesmaids, Miss Alice Sanger of Washington and Miss Alice Dunn of Syracuse. Their gowns of shell-pink bengaline, with vests and gored skirts of cream Bedford cord, and hats of cream felt and pink feathers, were most becoming and beautiful. Mr. A. Douglas MacArthur was the best man, and the duties of ushers fell to the care of Messrs. Harry Ridley and Karl Reed. Mr. and Mrs. Haas left by the 11 p.m. train for a visit to Washington and other eastern cities, and on their return will reside at 62 Madison avenue.

A pleasant gathering of Toronto society met at Government House to pay their *devoirs* to Miss Marjorie Campbell on Wednesday afternoon. The day was cloudy and cool, but many pretty toilettes were displayed in the face of the disagreeable weather. A very dainty and delicate costume was worn by Mrs. Arthur Brown, consisting of a dove-gray robe and mollish cloak, ornamented with fine steel passementerie and toque to match; Mrs. A. Nordheimer looked charming in white and gold; Miss Campbell wore pale green, with a *chiffon* hat and pink roses; Miss Strange, green, with passementerie corselet. Among the guests I noticed Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. and Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs and Miss Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mrs. and Miss Montizambert, Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Fred Denison, Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Simons and Miss Hessin, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham and Miss Gooderham, and many other well known society people. The callers numbered about two hundred.

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Cards are out for an evening reception at Mrs. Henry Cawthra's, Yeadon Hall, on Friday, Oct. 30.

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Mrs. George J. Harley Roberts has been receiving all week in her cosy little drawing-room at 242 College street, and it is needless to say has proven herself a most charming hostess and, as usual, has looked very attractive in her reception dress, which is exquisitely made of gray and rose-pink bengaline silk. The drawing-room looked very pretty and inviting and was decorated with pink roses, smilax and pink fairy lights. The numerous callers will not soon forget their grateful reception by Mrs. Roberts, and one and all will doubtless unite in wishing the bride a long and happy life. Mrs. Roberts was assisted by Miss Strange of the Government House during the reception.

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Rev. Professor Clark begins a course of sermons in St. Simon's Church next Sunday.

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This afternoon, all and sundry, the small boys' friends will go to Mimico to attend the annual meeting of the Industrial School. Apart from the charitable aspect, the jaunt is most bracing and delightful. The fresh air of Mimico is as good as a doctor's tonic.

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Mr. and Mrs. Will Hees gave a dinner and Remenyi concert party on Thursday for the bridal party of Mr. and Mrs. S. Haas.

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Miss May Robertson of St. Patrick street is visiting her relatives in Montreal.

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At the Pinafore performances to be given in the Grand Opera House next week, the cast is as follows: Sir Joseph Porter, Mr. W. E. Kain; Capt. Corcoran, Mr. Vaux Chadwick; Ralph Rackstraw, Mr. G. A. Parr; Dick Deadeye, Mr. A. L. E. Davies; Bill Bobstay, Mr. Cully Robertson; Bob Becket, Mr. W. J. Stevenson; Josephine, Mrs. J. C. Smith and Miss Jardine Thompson; Buttercup, Miss Mabel Gardner; Hebe, Miss Maud Carpenter.

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Toronto society will be represented by its very *elite* at the Bernhardt performance of La Tosca next Thursday evening. Several theater parties have been arranged and a brilliant house will greet the French queen of the stage.

*

The visit of the English Cricketers evoked great interest among the lovers of the English national pastime, and large numbers of ladies and gentlemen attended the matches at the Rosedale grounds. Lord Hawke and his fellow cricketers were entertained on Tuesday evening at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, and the list of guests was as follows: Mrs. Cockburn, the Misses Yarker, Boulton, Morgan, Bethune, Crooks, Thorburn, Mackenzie and DuMoulin, Lord Hawke, Lord Throwley, Hon. H. Milles, Messrs. H. F. Hewitt, J. H. J. Hornsby, C. W. Wright, T. W. Ricketts, S. M. J. Woods, K. McAlpin, C. Weeford Brown, G. R. R. Cockburn, D. W. Saunders, W. W. Jones, W. J. Fleury, P. C. Goldingham, M. Boyd and F. S. Dickey. After the dinner a dance was given by Mrs. Beardmore. The English gentlemen left for Ottawa full of appreciative liking for the hospitable Torontonians, and with many kind expressions concerning their enjoyable visit to this city.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pieper left for Hamburg, Germany by the Red Star Line last Thursday.

*

Messrs. John Wright and Collins accompanied the English cricketers to Ottawa as umpires of the matches to take place in that city.

*

A large party of charitable workers and others met at the Hillcrest Convalescent Home on Thursday, on the occasion of the annual meeting.

*

The promoters of the spectacular pantomime of Ben Hur, which is to be put upon the boards on the ninth of next month, are now assured of the success of the enterprise. I have read numerous criticisms from the American papers on its presentation in the various leading cities of the Union, and one and all speak in glowing terms of the beauty, interest and originality of the spectacle. The butterfly dance, which is performed by a number of very wee girls, and the dances of the Naiads, Gondoliers, priestesses, Arabs and blackbirds are worth a long journey to see. The committee of management is as follows: Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Bendelari, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Arthurs, Mr. Dunstan, Mr. Cecil Gibson.

*

The many friends of Mr. D. M. Stewart, of the Toronto branch of the Bank of Commerce, will be pleased to hear of his promotion to an important position in the New York office of the bank. Mr. Stewart leaves Toronto early next week to assume his new duties.

*

Mr. Stephen Haas was entertained last Saturday evening at dinner, at Webb's, by a number of his friends, who bade him farewell as a bachelor, previous to his entering the ranks of the benedicts. As the guests entered the *salle a manger*, the orchestra played La Marseillaise in compliment to the nationality of the guest of the evening. The arrangement and floral decorations of the table were original and artistic, and the soft music of the orchestra lent additional enjoyment. Among those present were: Messrs. Walter Reid, Widmer Hawke, Norman Dick, Charles and Frank Grey, Harry Ridley, Will Hees, Gibson, Arthur English, Frank McPhillips, Bert Cowan, Stuart Morrison, Lu Stuart, Dr. Kane, Cyrus Stiles, MacArthur, Brown, and Karl Read.

*

Mr. and Mrs J. D. Maclennan are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown of St. George street.

*

The band of the Royal Grenadiers was in attendance at the Queen's Park last Thursday, and a fairly good turnout of carriages and equestrians took place.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet have returned from their Island "Bareba," and are residing at 362 Huron street.

*

Miss Dickson of Galt sailed by the Germanic for Europe accompanied by her niece, Miss Kingsmill, daughter of Judge Kingsmill of Walkerton.

*

Mrs. J. Saurin MacMurray had a very pleasant tea for Miss Dickson before her departure giving her many friends an opportunity of wishing her good-bye.

*

Mrs John Beverley Robinson has, for the present, taken a suite of apartments at the Arlington.

*

Miss Louise Burton has returned from a long stay in England, much improved in health.

*

The Royal Grenadiers, encouraged by the success of the assemblies given by them last year at Harry Webb's, have determined to have another series this season. The large dancing hall upstairs has been altered and improved at great expense, and everything points to a most enjoyable series of dances.

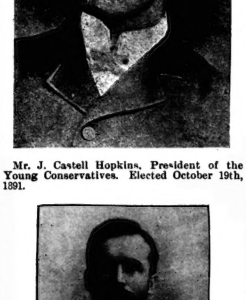
*

The prospects for the coming winter season in Toronto appear to be exceptionally bright. Dances and dinners galore are mooted, and new impetus is being given to the Riding and Driving Club, which last year fell off somewhat. Amateur theatricals are becoming a favorite source of amusement for the long winter evenings, and two or three prominent ladies are about to have stages arranged to fit the larger rooms in their houses for this purpose.

*

A party of hunters consisting of A. W. Croll, Dr. John L. Davison, Bert Lee, Capt. John A. Murray, Jos. B. Reed, J. F. Kirk, and Dan A Rose have returned from their trip up the Moon River district of Georgian Bay. They brought back ten deer, or said they did, after two weeks of excellent sport, in spite of the wet weather. It is said by members of the party that Messrs. Croll and Lee came near getting a big bear. The bear, on the other hand, says he came within an ace of getting Croll and Lee, who showed great speed on the home stretch. It is simply another question of veracity.

Two Young Presidents



Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, President of the Young Conservatives. Elected October 19th, 1891.

Mr. M. H. Ludwig, President of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society. Elected October 17th, 1891.

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Talk About Tea Gowns

omen who expect to entertain informally this winter are providing themselves with a number of handsome tea gowns, modifications on the old style *neglige* of that name, being, in reality, toilets suitable for every home occasion save ceremonious dinings. For gray-haired matrons is a black velvet tea gown, with front from neck to hem of clear white silk veiled by fine lace and finished with collar and girdle of gold and black passementerie. Dressiness is increased by having the same passementerie shaped to the shoulders, stiffening either edge of the velvet fronts and forming deep cuffs that force the velvet in artistic puffs on the upper arm.

•

A delightful creation of a late date is an emerald velvet tea-robe opening over a petticoat of tea-tinted silk, brocaded in minute bouquets of pale pink, blue, and yellow flowers. The moderately deep flounce running across this front had its wide heading caught down with imitation turquoises, topazes and rubies. A jeweled girdle drooped low to show beneath the wide *jabots* of tea-colored gauze that formed the vest and, with the mixed stones, ornamented a wide collar rolling away from the front. The sleeves were puffed to the elbow, were banded at that point by passementerie, and then fell in deep loose ends, being filled with gauze under sleeves. Velvet is unquestionably popular for this style of garment, for another of gray velvet was combined with yellow *crepe*, royal blue with gray, this last showing an abundance of jeweled embroidery, a pointed fringe of the stones falling from the wide Oriental girdle and also over the breast. For a strikingly handsome brunette, a tea gown is now being made of poppy-red brocade, with front and broad Watteau plait of black gauze. This introduction of the net behind is new and effective, as below the waist line it is very full and appears to delicately veil the brocade train. The gauze, worked in gold crescents, added brightness to the toilet, and everywhere, like a flounce across the front, about the edge of the collar, on the big flowing sleeves and broad belt, tiny gilt sequins were sewed, that imparted the touch of Eastern grace so much observed in feminine dress at present.

•

A new tea gown, just completed for early winter wear, is lovely in the extreme and curiously summer-like. This particular robe is of cream colored *point d esprit* from throat to hem in front, falling rather full, caught at the waist with a crystal girdle, and having a deeply festooned flounce about the hem. The sides and back are of rich, clear gold silk brocaded in scarlet poppies with quantities of foliage. The sides are cut to resemble a coat that juts sharply back and is long in the sweeping train. The sleeves are big puffs of the silk above described, with wide pointed lace cuffs, and a great flounce of the lace is arranged to fall bertha-like over the arms and graduated in to the waist line.

•

A new and pretty fashion in bridesmaids' dresses was remarked in a set of four, made for the attendants at a smart October wedding. The gowns were of white corded silk, cut princess, the front a narrow *tablier*, and with two seams open nearly up to the waist on either side to show a crisp *chiffon* puff, and narrow ruffles running perpendicularly, rather broad at the bottom, and graduating up to a point near the hips. Embroidered *chiffon* flounces encircled the foot, giving the skirt an appearance of being drawn down smoothly over a *frou frou* petticoat. The trains were straight and of moderate length, and the *decollete* waists edged with a *chiffon* ruffle that was particularly deep on the shoulders, shading the arms to the elbow. A wreath of white roses held long tulle veils in place, and corsage bouquets of the same flowers festooned the bertha and formed a charming shoulder-knot to the left.

•

Have you seen the brilliant little scarlet carriage capes which are worn by smart women when driving, or utilized as evening wraps? They are three-quarter length capes, the brightness of their hue being modified by an overlay of minute faint-tinted beads, or fine braid, interspersed with much dainty needlework in floss. The most complete and modish patterns have a ruche of *coque* feathers facing the front and high-flaring collar.

•

A new fashion in wearing watches of diminutive size, and richly enamelled, is to pin them on the left breast like a soldier's medal. The jewellers furnish pins simulating a bow-knot of gold ribbon to attach the medal-watch in place.

•

Jackets will be worn longer than ever this winter, buttoning from the throat nearly half-way down the skirt. Collars are still very high, with a decided curve from the tall back to fit comfortably beneath one's chin. Black is undoubtedly the favorite color. They are made up in every variety of goods, from satin-faced cloths to the roughest of woollens. Indeed, it is difficult to mark the change over last year's styles, for again one sees very elaborate *soutache* and Russian braidings, the introduction of tiny tinsel cords and cuffs, facings and collars of skunk, astrakhan and beaver. The general lines remain unaltered, and quite as many have long basques set on as those without. Sleeves are still made a distinct feature of the jackets, standing moderately high on the shoulders, and, while a few are full enough to give a puffed look to the upper arm, with deep, richly braided cuffs, the majority are of plain coat-shape, finished about the wrist in various ways.

LA MODE.

One Optimistic Farmer.

"Isn't it odd," asked Spratts, "that one never meets an optimistic farmer?"

"I met one while I was spending a few weeks in the western part of New York state last summer," replied Boobumper.

"Oh, come now! You surely don't expect that to be believed."

"Indeed, I do. I stopped at a house an asked for a drink of water. A man sat on the porch who seemed communicative, and I got into conversation with him. 'Crops are very good this year,' I remarked. 'Yes,' he said; 'we have a fine yield of everything.' 'But I suppose,' I added, 'as is usually the case when everybody has lots of grain and other products to sell, the price is so low that it almost discourages farmers from trying to raise much more than they need themselves.' 'Well, it might discourage some,' said he, but he found that he could always sell whatever he could raise at prices which amply repaid him.

"'There is a great apple yield this year,' I ventured. 'Yes, immense.' 'But with everybody gathering full crops of apples, you surely can't get enough for them to pay for the picking.' 'Perhaps not for the apples themselves,' replied the farmer, 'but we can get excellent prices for the cider we can make.' It was that way with everything I suggested. He put the best side on every possible contingency, and seemed to be quite contented. As I left the place I remarked to a man who was approaching, 'I don't think I ever met a man who took a brighter view of things than the old gentleman on the porch.' 'Ah,' replied the new comer, as he shook his head, 'that's old Mr. Bowers. He was discharged from the insane asylum two or three months ago as cured, but I guess he'll have to go back.'"

Honestly Answered.

Boisby—Bog pawdon, does my ovah-coat annoy you?

Freely—Not a mite, boss.

Timothy—Why can't we settle this case without any more litigation?

Searles—(dejectedly)—The lawyers won't let us.

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MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr.

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Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

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But at Decidedly Lower Prices

We Import Direct and Give the Best Value for the Money Procurable

212 YONGE STREET

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

DRESS goods designs this season partake of many novel effects. Shoppers are not likely to see these everywhere, but in this store you will find all that is choicest and best.

One novelty is the camel hair goods. The design is found in different weaves, and wherever found it is an attractive feature. We might mention a line of figured goods with this design, which we're offering at 40c. yard. As something truly striking a line in fancy stripes is worth seeing. The price is 75c. and 90c. for what we know to be regular $1 and $1.25 goods.

A pretty check in Camel's Hair, double, 85c.

Novelty would appear to run all through dress goods this season. Here is a line known as French trail cloth, double width, that makes up handsomely for street wear—price 60c.

Check Tweeds for children's wear, 45c.

The store has become famous for its Henriettas. Well it may; every evening shade that fancy can suggest, beautiful goods, 46 inches wide, at 35c., 50c., 65c. and 80c.—prices that are remarkable for the quality offered.

French Broadcloths, 40 shades, 55c., 65c., 70c.

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Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.

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taught daily by our New Tailor System. Send for illustrated circular. Inducements to agents.

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HOT WATER BOTTLE

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Fine Fur Goods

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Latest Styles for Balls, Soirees, Weddings, Theater, Concerts, Photos, etc.

Are kindly requested to make their appointments a few days in advance so as to avoid disappointment.

Handsome and pretty Hair Ornaments.

Hair goods ready-made or made to order in all styles.

Hair Dyes and Hair Dyed in natural or fashionable colors.

Fine Perfumery and Toilet Articles in great choice.

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Have they cuts, bruises or bites?

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A FEARFUL SECRET. "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?"

I know all now. Neilison's story told me while we were clinging to one rock together on that terrible night is true, word for word. Not that I ever doubted it; dying men seldom lie. But it all sounded so much like a wild romance that at times I almost fancied afterwards that the whole story must have been some hideous nightmare which had stamped itself on my brain during one of the stages of the fever which nearly ended my days, after my wonderful escape at Clanavon. But all doubt has gone now. Unwillingly enough Monsieur le Courget has corroborated the facts. Cecile D'Auzerville's vengeance has been a terrible one indeed. Of my father I dare not think; neither for my mother, nor of myself. Monsieur de Feurget's advice was good. I will take a little time to consider this matter before I act.

What have I done, I wonder, that Fate should apply such exquisite torture, as well as heaping such troubles upon my head? For months I struggled against the haunting memories of her face—and now, at the moment of my despair, Fate brings us together again, and tempts me even to forgetfulness. Indeed, her beautiful, even when I saw her in a dingy-looking lodging house; here wandering about those gardens by moonlight with her, and out on the breezy cliffs seems like a breath of paradise to me. Fool that I am to revel in a joy which must fade away if ever I put out my hand to grasp it, into bitter regret. And yet it is too late to be wise now; too late when the touch of her fingers, a single glance from her eyes, or a word from her lips can bring joy bounding into my heart and send the blood coursing through my brains! Too late! Too late! I love her; I, who have nothing for a heritage but shame, who have not even a name to give her....

I have been to see my mother! May God grant that some day the memory of that visit may fade away. She was at Gordon Park, in Leicestershire, always her favorite place, though my father seldom cares to go there. It was too much out of the world for him; for my mother, in her present condition, it seems the most fitting abode. Every word we spoke, and every little detail of my visit seems to still burning in my brain. What relief can I hope to gain by writing it down? I scarcely know, and yet something prompts me to do so.

It was night when I arrived, and I was faint and tired with traveling night and day, and with the exhaustion of tormenting thoughts. When they told me that her ladyship kept to her own suite of rooms, and that I was to dine alone, I think that I was glad. And yet it was an awful time! I had in the old picture gallery with droves behind my chair, talking all the time and worrying because I could eat nothing. Sometimes I wonder that I keep sane—that my hot blood does not boil into a fever, and my mind lose its balance. Trouble I could face, I think, as well as most men; but surely this thing that has come to me is outside the bounds of such things as men call trouble!

That night was like a night in hell to me. All round me, as I sat at that long deserted meal, were the dark, stern faces of the Alcestons and Clanavons of former days, and it seemed to me that as the firelight flashed upon the oaken panels and time-stained canvases that they were frowning down upon me as upon an usurper. It may be that my agony is stirring up strange fancies in my brain—it may be so! But it was a horrible thought!

Then came that meeting—that dreadful interview. I found her sitting alone by the fireside in a darkened room unlit even by a single candle. But oh! the terrible look in her face! It makes my heart ache and throb with pity even now when I think of the agonies she must have suffered to have left such a stamp upon her features. Am I as much changed, I wonder? I look in hain for the old lines and furrows lining my forehead, black lines under my eyes, and hollows in my cheeks. Yet these all seem as nothing when I think of her branded face.

She drew me to her and kissed me quietly, and I stood by her side holding her hand in mine. But her lips were as cold as ice, and her eyes were dry and burning. Alas! I fear that her tears were all shed.

"Mother," I said, "I have much to tell you. I know everything."

"I did my best to keep it from you," she answered.

"I know it. I should have done well to have taken your advice. It is too late now."

"Yes, it is too late now," she repeated, mechanically.

I stood back and spoke to her from amongst the shadows of the dim firelight.

"It was from Neilison that I heard it first. I had no idea that he was in hiding there when I went to Clanavon Castle. You know, mother, what I told you when you refused to let me share the full knowledge of this awful thing with you!"

"You swore that you would find out all for yourself. Oh, Bernard, my son! Bernard, why could you not have taken my word! You might have been spared all this misery."

She shook my hand sorrowfully.

"I could not have rested, mother, until I had discovered everything," I told her. "The vague hint which you had given me for it was nothing more, after all, than a hint—was working within me like a poison. I could neither sleep nor rest. I was more determined even than before to find out everything, only instead of working openly I saw that I must do so secretly, as you would not help me; you only threw obstacles in my way. It was the uncertainty of it which tortured me most. It seemed to me that my father must be a man above suspicion. Whatever the cloud was, it could be cleared away. So I went to work. I went first to M. Brudnell, but he would tell me nothing. Then I determined to search my father's papers, and as those at Grosvenor square had already been gone through, I went down to Clanavon Castle.

"It was late," my mother murmured.

"It seemed to me that Mrs. Smith behaved curiously about the key of the tower room, and down in the village they told strange tales of a light burning there at night. I, myself, saw it, and I became suspicious—of what I scarcely knew. I discovered certain proofs that the room had been recently inhabited, and I laid my plans. I need only tell you whom I found in hiding there. To my horror and amazement it was Neilison. He fled at the sight of me through a secret passage. When, at last, I caught him, we found ourselves like rats in a trap. The incoming tide had shut off our retreat, and when all hope seemed over, and we stood on the threshold of death, he told me all. He told me, believing that life was over for both of us, and that I would carry this hideous secret in my heart for a few short minutes.

"He should not have told you not even then," she said, softly.

"He told it me to make death easier," I answered, "and it seemed then that it was so. That we escaped with our lives seems to me now nothing short of a miracle. We were in the midst of a boiling gulph of the sea, and the secret passage through which we had come was flooded to the very roof. Death seemed to stare us in the face, and the waves had already broken more than once over our heads. At last a rush of water swept us away, and it seemed to both of us our last moment had come.

"Just there, however, the tide sweeps in with extraordinary force, and it carried me on to the beach before the last breath was out of my body. When I recovered consciousness a few days later, and they told me Neilison too lived, I could scarcely believe it. He was still dangerously ill though when I left Clanavon. Have you heard whether he is yet out?"

"I had a letter from Mrs. Smith this morning," my mother said. "He is better, and talks of taking a journey."

"He is safe for him!" I asked.

"His mother tells me that she herself could scarcely recognize him. He is wasted to a shadow, and quite gray."

"Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow, indeed! Yet his reward is to come. Much is promised to those who are faithful unto death."

"Faithful unto death." She repeated the words with a suddenly softened look in her woman face, as though there were something in the thought of it pleasant to her. Could it be that she, too, was looking forward to that last release from this burden of our terrible secret? The thought made me shudder, and yet, after all, was it not natural? Had I not, too, had the same wish?

"Mother," I said, "I have more to tell you. You knew about that story of the past?"

She bowed her head.

"I knew all."

"You remember about the duel? About ..."

She stopped me with a shudder.

"I know all," she repeated.

"You know the name of the woman who was murdered on that same awful night. You connect—you have connected in your mind—that deed with the history of those distant days!"

"Alas, I have," she whispered, with a deep shudder.

"Neilison, too, saw that woman, and recognized Marie D'Augerville. He knows!"

"My God!"

"He knows, but he will not speak. The secret is in our hands—yours and mine!"

"What shall we do with it?"

"Ay, mother, you may well ask. It is in our own hands, to seal our own doom or to carry it with us to the grave."

She did not speak. I knelt down by her side, and took her hands. They hung passively in mine. The glow of the fire was upon them, but they were cold as ice.

"Another knows of it, you say? What does he bid you do?"

"Carry it to the grave. If we speak who is the gainer? Who is there to profit by our shame? None! There is no male heir. The estates would go to the Crown. If I die childless, they also go to the Crown. So must it be."

"He advises that!"

"Yes, mother, we must think of this. If we disclose one-half of our secret we imperil the other—the darker half. Her identity would be established. The coincidence of the two deaths on one night would suggest, would give rise to speculation. The rest might follow."

"He is right. Bernard, my son, life is over for us both. For me the worst is already past. The chords of my life are almost severed. I shall die. But you—all your life—God help you; if there be a God. Amen."

Then she gave a little low cry and sank into my arms. At first I thought that it was death. But she recovered presently....

In the morning she sent me away. We could bear it better apart for a while, she thought, without the sight of each other's misery. When she wanted me she would send for me.

CHAPTER IX.

MAD MOMENTS.

I am a most unfortunate girl. I think that Nature meant me to be light-hearted, but Fate is handicapping me in a most unfair manner. My father's glooiny ways have been hard enough to bear; now I find that Lord Alceston is very much the same. Thus, it happens that the two men who at present make up the sum of my little existence are both melancholy mad.

I am going to make a most sho-king and unnatural confession. My sympathies are more with Lord Alceston than with my father. My father is kind and gentle to everyone else in the world, so that he ought to extend that love him more even than their own *cure*. To me alone he is cold and unresponsive. I fear that he does not love me! Why it is so, or whose fault it is I cannot tell. But there is between us always a barrier, a restraint which no efforts of mine can remove.

It is strange what a violent fancy my father seems to have taken to Lord Alceston. Does he return it, I wonder? I suppose he does, or he would not come here so often. If I were a very, very foolish girl I might imagine—perhaps—but then I'm not foolish, and I don't imagine anything of the sort.

He does come often, though, and his coming makes it pleasanter. Sometimes I sing to him, and he seems to like that. Sometimes my father and he p'ay chess, but they never finish a game. One or the other goes off into a deep fit of thought, and unless I go to the rescue and clear the chessmen away, and take Lord Alceston off, the whole evening passes while they sit there. I take care that that doesn't happen often, of course. Sometimes Lord Alceston brings Mr. Carlyon with him, and sometimes Mr. Carlyon comes alone, though it isn't often he can summon up courage, for though he does very like to be told so, he is very shy boy. Very—very seldom now my father goes to the Casino. On those nights Lord Alceston stays away.

I am afraid that I am getting a very silly girl. The other evening we expected Lord Alceston, and he did not come. It seemed such a slight thing for him to miss one evening, and yet I felt as disappointed as though some great trouble had come. I sat down and began to think about it. I am very much afraid that I was courting a great trial. It is not likely that he would ever care for me—in that way; and yet I am quite sure that he is as long as I live I shall never care for any other man! I am not half so sorry as I ought to be for this terrible trouble of his. Somehow, it seems to bring me nearer to him—to make the distance between us less.

My father called me to him the other morning, and said strange things to me. I was about the request which I had made him, that I might go back to the convent. I am afraid that he saw my consent in my face, but he must have thought it a long time, and take Lord Alceston off, the whole evening passes while they sit there. I take care that that doesn't happen often, of course. Sometimes Lord Alceston brings Mr. Carlyon with him, and sometimes Mr. Carlyon comes alone, though it isn't often he can summon up courage, for though he does very like to be told so, he is very shy boy. Very—very seldom now my father goes to the Casino. On those nights Lord Alceston stays away.

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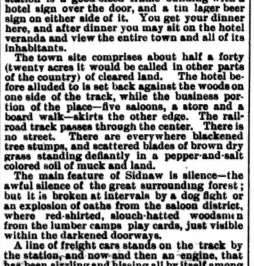
(*To be Continued.*)

Mr. Y. Dangle.—Great heavens, a bear! Happy thought! Perhaps the beast will take the camera for a gun.



Bruin.—Brace up, now: I'm getting tired of this photograpingr mania. Send me couple of prints if you get a good plate.

A Romance of the Forest.

"Dark the halls and cold the feast—
Gone the bride-maids, gone the priest."

The eight o'clock train on the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railroad takes you away from the beautiful town of Marquette on Lake Superior, climbs slowly up to the iron hill, passes through Negaunee, Ishpeming, Michigamme, rival cities of the "Northern Peninsular," and bowling along at twenty miles an hour brings you at noon to Sidnaw, whence a short branch road extends to Ontonagon; and, if you have to change cars, may Heaven help you in your sorry plight, for you must wait four hours in a dreary place.

Two hundred feet from the track at Sidnaw station is a good-sized frame building with a hotel sign over the door, and a tin lager beer sign on either side of it. You get your dinner here, and after dinner you may sit on the hotel veranda and view the entire town and all of its inhabitants.

The town site comprises about half a forty (twenty acres it would be called in other parts of the country) of cleared land. The hotel before alluded to is set back against the woods on one side of the track, while the business portion of the place—five saloons, a store and a board walk—skirts the other edge. The railroad track passes through the center. There is no street. There are everywhere blackened tree stumps, and scattered blades of brown dry grass standing defiantly in a pepper-and-salt colored soil of muck and sand.

The main feature of Sidnaw is silence—the awful silence of the great surrounding forest; but it is broken at intervals by a dog fight or an explosion of oaths from the saloon district, where red-shirted, slouch-hatted woodsmen from the lumber camps play cards, just visible within the darkened doorway.

A line of freight cars stands on the track by the station, and now and then an engine, that has been sizzling and hissing all by itself among the trees, comes out and bumps these cars about in an aimless sort of way for a few moments, and then goes into retirement again.

You spend four hours in the contemplation of this scene; then that fool engine backs a lot of the freight cars and a passenger coach down to the station, and you get aboard and go on to Ironwood, the terminus of the road; and it takes you two hours to go—just half as long as it took to "change cars."

I had changed cars at Sidnaw once, and I was on my way thither again, depressed and low-spirited at the prospect before me, when, all suddenly, I was invited to attend a wedding while I waited; and once more the world looked rosy.

The prospective bride occupied the seat behind me in the car. I had not noticed her particularly until she bent forward, and, touching me on the arm, asked if I could inform her at what time our train would be in Sidnaw.

Then I turned, and beheld a lady of some forty summers, wearing a flowery gown of white and green, with black lace mits, and having half-a-dozen of the most big-but-not-recent traveling bags that circulate so freely in the west.

Ready politeness with which I answered her question encouraged her to ask more, and, eventually, I found it necessary to sit sidewise that I might more conveniently keep up my end of the conversation, which shifted from one topic to another with wonderful rapidity, and, finally, merged into a romance of which she was the heroine, and to the completion of which I was cordially asked to lend my presence.

"It's eighteen years," she said, "since this Mr. Prince left Kaukauny and came up here into the lumber camps. Him and me was young folks then, and kep' company together like a pair of turtle doves, and he wanted to marry him I said, No; I wouldn't marry nobody. Then he went away, and I never heard of him till three years ago he wrote me and said somebody I told him I was single, and he was waitin' for me. Wouldn't never marry any other woman, he said, no how, and he hoped I'd take him into consideration again.

"That letter made me feel kind o' queer—to think he'd been so faithful all these years. I never believed he set so much store by me as all that. I was a good mind to write him a favorable letter right then and there; but when it come right to the point I couldn't make up my mind to do it, so I just wrote him I wanted a year more to think about it.

"Well, I never heard a word from him no more than's if he was dead till the year was up; then he wrote again, and said he was still waitin'.

"I put him off till Christmas, then till spring; and so it's been a-goin' up to two weeks ago, when it come over me all to once that I wasn't treatin' the man right. He'd been dead and waitin' suffin' long enough, I deserved his reward, and I set down and wrote him I'd have him.

"He wanted to come down to Kaukauny after me; but I wouldn't have it. I told him to save his money, and I'd come up. So we fixed it that way, and to-day the wedding comes off, and I was going to be there. Mr. Prince's got a minister from Ontonagon, and he's invited a few of his friends to witness the ceremony, and I guess it'll be a pleasant, sociable little gatherin. Any how, it'll be better than waitin' for the train, with nothing to do."

I agreed with her that it would be better. I had a curiosity to behold this faithful old lover who had waited eighteen years—waited with infinite patience until the girl he loved had lost all of the attractions of youth, and yet loved on, and now was about to see his fond dreams realized. The story seemed rather pathetic to me, although its ludicrous side was very apparent, also.

Of the half a dozen passengers in the car, we were the only persons who alighted when the train reached Sidnaw. I helped my companion with her big valise, and she, carrying a large strawboard box and a parcel tied in a newspaper, followed me out of the car.

Two or three woodsmen, standing about the station, gazed idly at us as we stood undetermined which way to go. And one mean, nasty-whiskered man, who had been sitting on the platform at the further end, jabbing his knife into the boards, slowly arose and advanced.

She was eying him.

"Is this Miss Birtchet?" he asked with a sheepish smile.

"That's my name," she answered; "Artemisia Birtchet; and I must say, Abe Prince, that you seem dreadful glad to see me."

He held out his hand, but she didn't take it on account of the parcels, and he scratched his head with it.

"This ain't Wednesday," he suggested, after an interval of thought.

"I know it ain't," she answered; "and it ain't Tuesday or Monday; but it's Thursday, August 13th, and I was to be married the 13th if I remember rightly, and I think I do."

He shifted his gaze to me and then looked at her again.

"By gosh!" he said, in a hollow voice; "I've lost my reckonin', somehow. I thought the 13th was a Wednesday, and I had that minister here to-day."

"Well, where is he now?" asked Miss Birtchet, in a quick, nasty voice.

"He went back," he replied. "I kinder thought you might have changed your mind again, and——" he struck himself on the leg. "I don't see," he said, "how the devil I got off on that date. Are you sure you ain't made no mistake, Artemisia?"

"I'm sure I have made a mistake," answered Miss Birtchet, with withering sarcasm. "I've made the mistake of comin' way up here in the woods to marry a pesky fool, but thank heavens I ain't done it. If you don't want to stand by as to hold that bag a minit longer," she continued, turning to me, "I'll just step in here and buy a ticket for Kaukauny."

The down train was approaching, and when Miss Birtchet appeared with her ticket I followed her into the railroad car.

"Anybody sitin' with you?" I asked.

"Little nothin'!" she snapped, and I saw that it would be of no use to argue with her. I left the valise and hot good by.

When the train was gone I went over to the hotel to get my dinner. Mr. Prince was sitting on the veranda, with his legs crossed and his coat under his suspenders. His aspect was grave.

"That was rather a bad mistake of yours." I ventured to remark.

"It's just as well," he answered. "I knew't was just as well the minit I set eyes on her."—*Puck.*

Bad Catering

First cannibal—I'm going to write a letter of complaint to the missionary society.

Second cannibal—What's the matter?

First cannibal—That last missionary they sent was a reformed actor, and I hate ham.

Not an Alumnus.

Summer Belle—That Mr. Spry out there in that rowboat is one of the most learned men I ever met. I wonder what college he graduated from.

College Graduate (contemptuously)—Huh! He no college man. Look at his stroke.

Great Games.

The great American game, baseball, in the States, and the great English game, cricket, in the Dominion, are in full career, and it is *apropos* to consider what a celebrated pitcher says: Mr. Louis Rush, 49 Preston street, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A., writes: "In pitching ball I sprained my arm; two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me." If you want to be ready for the next day, try it.

An Unfortunate Moment.

"Well, barber, it strikes me that your hands might be a trifle cleaner."

"Well, you see, sir, it's been quite three-quarters of an hour since any gent came along as wanted a shampooing."

CRAMPS.—The best known cure for cramps which always accompany the cholera is Dr. Sey's Remedy, taken in large doses. Its action is marvellous.

Not an Inspired Class.

Poet—What do you think of these verses? I just wrote them off on the inspiration of the moment.

Cynic—If you can get some editor to accept them on the inspiration of the moment you will be doing very well indeed.

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Agency, 291 College Street

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH

TEABERRY

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"If."

Written for Saturday Night by Marion Lisle.

"So your school days are ended for good now! How glad you must be."

"I don't know that I am altogether glad. Of course I am eager to get out into the world, but some of my happiest memories will be of my college life."

The girl idly twirls her tennis racquet between two slender brown fingers and does not answer, and her companion, watching her, does not notice that the strong young fingers are trembling a little.

The scene about them is a very fair one certainly. The sunlight falls lovingly on the old college walls and pretty well kept lawns which are to-day bright with the "beauty and chivalry" of one of our fairest Canadian cities. The summer term is ended and the students of the college are giving the graduates a last treat in the shape of an At Home, which has been looked forward to by all for some weeks. It would seem as though the day had been made to order. The warm sunshine plays softly on the golden and brown heads of the dainty maidens and the tender breeze rustles the leaves of the tall shady maples and cools the heated cheeks of the tennis players with soft caressing touch. A number of tents are dotted over the green lawns, and the pretty summer costumes of the maidens and light flannel suits of the sterner sex add to the brightness of the scene. At one of the tennis courts they have just finished a spirited game and two of the players, the vanquished ones, have gone to seek consolation in a refreshment tent. The other two remain under the shadow of the maples, the girl idly playing with her racquet and the man watching her.

She is a very pretty girl, of medium height and slender, and her charms are shown off to perfection by the pretty white serge tennis suit that she wears. The pretty brown hair is caught up at the back by a knot of ribbon and her hat is thrown wide in the front to shade the little face. But in spite of shades, the sun, that troublesome fellow has left his brown touch on her face and through it a warm flush has stolen to the rounded cheek. Her eyes are gray, long-lashed and white-lidded and a little sorrowful just now as she raises them to her companion's face.

"We will miss you so much," she says. "Jack will be quite lost next year."

Is it possible he cannot understand? The white lids cover the tell-tale eyes and the blush deepens slightly on her pretty face. But he does not see and suddenly the red lips compress themselves in a somewhat hard outline and she raises her eyes with a serious light in their depths.

"I see mamma beckoning me," she says. "Poor mamma," with a light laugh, "some of these people worry her so."

Together they move across the grass and meet a tall, gray-haired lady, clad in black silk, with a face so much like the young girl's that it is not difficult to distinguish the relation between them.

"Madge, my dear," she says, hurriedly, "there is Miss Gresham over there who has not played at all this afternoon. You must introduce her to some of the boys."

Madge's father being principal of the college, she and her mother are usually hostesses on occasions of this kind.

"Come, Dick," she says to her companion, raising her eyes, which are glittering brightly enough now. "I will inflict you on Miss Gresham for a while and leave you to her tender mercies."

"Being tired of the 'infliction' yourself, Madge," he answers lightly, but with a certain expression in his handsome eyes which, if she had only seen—

But she did not. Her face was turned perversely away from his, and she was intent on watching a game at the other side of the lawn. He follows her gaze and his facial muscles suddenly. He has not a very handsome face, but it is strong and full of character, and usually an impassive granite; but imagination rather than reason, by the heart rather than by the head. There is in woman a like intelligence, activity and passion—like and co-ordinate but not identical with that of man, equally valuable but not equal by measure, and this works best in the home, that is to say, the sphere in which women act as their highest is the family, and the side on which they are strongest is affection. The natural and normal work of woman is personal influence in the home. In accepting and worthily fulfilling her true function, woman places herself as a real spiritual force in the very vanguard of human philanthropy and performs the holiest duties that humanity reserves for her beed loved children.

The cry for the emancipation of woman, for complete freedom for every adult individual, male or female, for the abolition of all restraints preventing any adult living his or her own life at his or her own will—such anarchic cries involve the destruction of every social institution and of every virtue. The state, the church, the nation, social organization and law all rest in principle on a basis which are a standing contradiction of this claim of universal, personal liberty from restraint. Society implies the control of individual license, and the claim is for one absolute individual license. When men and women start as competitors in the same fierce race, as friends and opponents instead of companions and helpmates, with the same habits, the same ambitions, the same engrossing toil, and the same public lives, women will have disappeared. Society must then consist of individuals distinguished physiologically as horses and dogs are, into male and female specimens; family would mean groups of those who choose to live in common, and home would mean where the groups collected for shelter. The family is the social unit. What society has to do is to promote the good of the family, and in the family woman is as completely supreme as is man in the state; and for all moral purposes the family is more beautiful, more useful than the state. To keep the family true, refined, affectionate, faithful, is a grander task than to govern the state; and it is a task which needs the whole energies and the entire life of woman. To mix up so sacred a duty with the grosser occupations of politics and trade were to unfit her for it as completely as if the priest were to embark in the business of a money lender. That such primary social truths as these are ever forgotten at all is one of the portents of this age of skepticism, of mammon-worship and vainglory. The priest of to-day is too often willing to go with the times, and it may be left hereafter to the religious of humanity to defend the primeval institutions of society and to honor the old world image of woman as a being relieved from the harder task of industry, from the defence, the maintenance and the management of the state, in order that she may set herself to train up each generation to be worthier than the last, and make each home in some sense the heaven of peace on earth.

Dodging the Inevitable.

Mrs. Dewson—Pelham, our pastor has composed a little poem on patience. Shall I fix you up a little in bed?

Mr. Dewson—Is he going to read it?

Mrs. Dewson—Yes dear.

Mr. Dewson—Just pull the comforter over my head, will you! I think I feel a draught.

Encouraging the Horse.

The graceful hint succeeds best. If it is also witty, it is pretty sure to prove irresistable. Up one of the long hills of County Wicklow a mare was drawing a heavy load of travelers. The driver walked by her side, trying to encourage her as she toiled slowly and wearily along.

The six passengers were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. Those inside started, but thought that he was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed.

Again Pat opened and slammed to the door. The travelers inquired angrily why he disturbed them in that manner.

"Whist," he whispered; "don't spake so loud—she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his mouth and nose. "Sure, I'm desavin' the crayture! Every tolme she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin down to walk up the hill, and that raises her sperrits."

The passengers took the hint.

"I wonder why that widow, Mrs. Hitterby, paints the edges of her eyelids black."

"In memory of Hitterby. It's a mourning border just like that on her stationery."

On a Dull Day.

Mosenbaum (talking to himself)—Falsetto—How much do I god on dis diamond?

Bass—Ten dollar. It has a flaw.

Falsetto—Can'd you maig it twelf?

Bass—No. Ten or geed oud.

Falsetto—Vell, led her go.

Natural—I made me a goot drade dot time. It vos vort a hundert.

Household Art.

Mr. Hubby.—My dear, can you patch these trowsers into respectability!

Mrs. Hubby.—I don't think I can, love; but do let me have them. I can put a pink bow on each side, and paint the background. They will look ever so nice!

Wabash Lines.

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A Liberal Group.

Somewhat of a new idea in Canada in the way of portraiture has been issued this week, a picture containing portraits of the ninety-four Liberal members of the House of Commons. The only thing of the kind that has previously been seen in this country was the picture containing photograps of the various parliaments of the Irish Party in the English House of Commons, that was exhibited here two years ago; but a photograph or picture of such political importance as this, unless it be the well known one of the Fathers of Confederation, has not before been issued in this country. The grouping of the portraits is beautiful: Laurier in the center, with Whip Trow, Mills, Cartwright and sterling old Alexander Mackenzie around him. Then among the other faces we recognize Cameron of Huron, Lister of West Lambton, Mulock, Edgar, and all their associates. The picture is just of a nice size for framing, and has a map which explains all. Robertson Publishing House, Toronto, $3.00.

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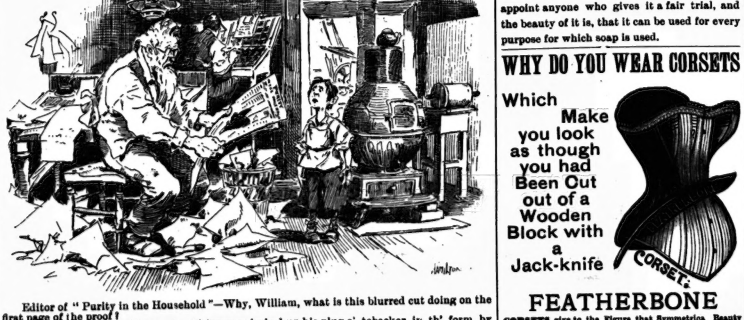
"Madam, if you had ever been a tramp," he replied, "you wouldn't ask that question. There is no harder work in the world than tramping, and, what's worse, there's no money in it."

Questionable Illustration.



Editor of "Purity in the Household"—Why, William, what is this blurred cut doing on the first page of the proof?

The Printer's Devil—Please, sir, th' foreman locked up his plug o' tobacker in th' form by mistake, sir.

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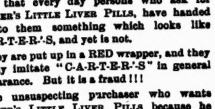

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Before the Fair.

Country fairs are being held all over Ontario just now, and this state of things will continue for another week yet. As with the theater, there is as much to interest behind the scenes as in the orchestra chairs facing the stage; so the beforehand, inside workings of a country fair are as interesting to the initiated as the fair itself. Along about the middle of September the secretary of the township Agricultural and Arts (never leave out this word) Association, suddenly makes up his mind some night as he is dropping to sleep that the township will have a show this year. He straightway commences building castles in the air anent the show and dreams perhaps that if he has his way the fair will be advertised by portraits of three or more brown and rotund cows, calmly drinking out of the brook which runs through the brilliantly colored meadow, or perhaps a picture of two trotters just "gittin' thar," with a ringing *hella-ah* transfixed on the foremost driver's lips. Then the secretary thinks of getting the chestnut colt in shape and wonders if he can't induce somebody to give a special for the best piebald mare with colt by her side, which he would feel confident of winning, since he has the only piebald brood mare round the country this year.

Next morning, bright and early, the secretary sends out post cards to the various little villages up the road, where the ten directors reside, to meet at Jenkins' hotel a week from date. It is a matter of much cogitation with him as to which of his shelter-purveying friends he will honor with the first meeting, but Jenkins is a decent chap, and he gets it. The night of the first assembly of directors is a fine one, and there is a full attendance. One director with hoary hair and beard, who looks like a parson, swears like a trooper and in a most unchurchly fashion, treats the directorate and drinks straight gin himself. Then when everybody is in a good humor he starts the meeting by telling a story about a horse deal; perhaps somewhat as follows:

"Say, gentlemen, noone ever got ahead of me in a hawse deal but once, and after all when he got through with me I was ahead. The fellow who got ahead of me for a while was a dressy little sawed off chap, who kept a cigar store up to Tomville. I was keeping a general store then, before I made enough money so's I could go out to the country and farm, and he come to me one day and offered me a deal. He was a jolly little man. The first time I met him I sort o' fancied him. I was drivin' from the town where I was keepin' store to Tomville and I overtook him walkin' on the road.

"'Are you goin' to Tomville,' he shouts.

"'I am,' says I.

"'Then I think I'll ride too,' says he, and he jumped in beside me.

"The seat was a little crowded and he says: 'If I give you the itch I'll buy the brimstone and you kin supply the treacle.'

"You see, he seemed a bright, open sort o' fellow, and when he came and asked me to trade him a hawse for a hundred boxes of cigars, I was willin' to deal. He showed me a couple o' boxes and they was great, and as the hawse didn't amount to much, I concluded to trade.

"Well, gentlemen, those cigars, when he turned over the whole invoice, were the worst sort o' poison you ever tasted. Cabbage leaves would be great after them. My own opinion is that they was made of pig-weed and twitch-grass; somethin' as tarnal mean as them weeds, anyway. But I didn't squeal. Oh, no, that's not me! I just laid low. I laid low for five years and the thought of any man's havin' got ahead of me in a hawse deal rankled all that time. At last as a reward of patience the Lord enabled me to get ahead of him again. I didn't bear the fellow no grudge. I wanted to be even, that's all, and he had by this time got to keepin' a first-class hotel at Tomville. At last I got hold of a hawse that could put on lots of style and look handsome on his peaceable days and days when he didn't go lame in all his legs, which occurred about once a mon'h, but in other respects he wasn't worth powder enough to blow him up. I paid twenty-five dollars for him and I had him groomed and fixed up. And on one of his off days I started off to Tomville. I struck the town and I started off up the principal street with the hawse steppin' out and lookin' jaunty, and I passed the hotel three or four times. Presently the cuss I was layin' for comes out and says:

"'Hello, old man, what you got here?'

"'Get out o' my way,' says I; 'you ain't got no chance here.'

"'What'll you take for him?' says he.

"'You ain't got money enough to buy him,' says I; "anyway he's sold to a Yank, who's buyin' trotters round St. Catharines. He heard o' this hoss and he's comin' to meet me here in a half an hour and buy him.'

"'What's he done?' says he, meaning the hawse. 'Has he got a name?'

"'I'm not givin' things away,' says I. 'How's this Yank to scoop all the three-minute races if I let it be known that this hawse has a record below forty.'

"'Look here,' says he, 'you might as well sell him to me as to the Yank.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I might and I mightn't, but the deal's got to be made right now and such a stiff as you can't deal right away.'

"'Come now, no chin,' says he. 'I sold my trotter for two hundred last week, and I'll give you a hundred and fifty for this plug.'

"He commenced to examine the hawse closely, but I started off and says:

"'There's that Yank down street now. So long!'

"'Hold on,' he says, 'I'll give you the seventy-five.'

"'No use' I shouts back.

"'Two hundred then,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'I'll do it, but you'll have to get the harness off this hawse and let me get out o' sight mighty quick, because I promised the hawse to the Yank.'

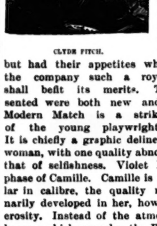
"Well, gentlemen, he put up the cash, then and there, like a little man. I met him again about a week after, and the hawse had in the meantime got all broken up.

"'Well, old man,' he says, 'you did me up brown on that old ringer; and I'm layin' for you.'

"'And I'm not forgettin' the cigar deal,' says I, and we both went and had a drink."

This last reference has made some of the directors dry and they do likewise, and the first meeting has a happy and early ending. After three or four such meetings the directors get down to business and a sort of informal committee of two or three energetic men who do all the work and divide the credit with the dozen or so of drones. Though the fair sometimes seems like a mountain-and-mouse affair this is not the case in reality, for it is quite a large affair considering the fact that it is the work of two or three men. TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.



CLYDE FITCH.

THE advent of a company of players so excellent and complete as the Pitou Stock Company, is an event so rare as to almost convict an audience of its own inability to appreciate such splendid acting. Mr. Pitou proposes to make his company's stay in Toronto an annual affair, and next year theater-goers, who have as yet but had their appetites whetted, will give the company such a royal reception as shall befit its merits. The plays presented were both new and excellent. A Modern Match is a striking production of the young playwright, Clyde Fitch. It is chiefly a graphic delineation of a light woman, with one quality abnormally enlarged, that of selfishness. Violet Hunt is another phase of Camille. Camille is a character similar in calibre, the quality more than ordinarily developed in her, however, being generosity. Instead of the atmosphere of social leprosy which pervades the Frenchman's play, however, we have Violet placed in a domestic atmosphere and contented and happy as it is possible for a woman of her temperament to be, while all is well for her and goes well. Her mother, husband and sister are all at her bidding. She amuses herself with the butterflies who hover about her, and is ready to caress those who serve her and be beautiful for all. When things go wrong and her husband is no longer able to supply her with the luxuries she has married him for, she leaves him for one who can.

•

In addition to the character sketched, the author has conceived a background of strong and natural acting-characters. There is an admirable delineation of a man grown old in business, George Synnot, who, without strength to hope for better when all is gone, yields to despondency and kills himself. Then th's character has a good foil in Robert Hunt, his business partner and the husband of Violet, who is strong and hopeful and on the alert to retrieve his failure. The mother of Violet is a vain, mercenary woman, a representative of a too frequent social type, and Violet has a foil in Mrs. Synnot, a good woman with a sympathetic, hopeful soul. The play has this fault in its construction, that instead of ending with the third act when Violet departs with her lover, Rankin, a fourth act is added dated twelve years later, showing the depths to which the sinners sink, and apparently aspiring to teach the sermon that the way of the transgressor is hard.

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In Miss Minnie Seligman, Mr. Pitou has secured an actress who may yet prove to him what Ada Rehan has been to Augustin Daly, and if she should continue under his management, she may yet place Pitou's name beside Daly's and make it one of international import. She has a beautiful, flexible and sympathetic voice, is of fine form and stage presence, and has a face not distinctly beautiful, but of that mobile charm, which is much more valuable. When we add to this unmistakable genius with a reserve power that promises still greater things, the prediction of some that she will be the greatest actress that America has yet seen seems not unjustified. It is not an exaggeration to say that her characterization of Violet Hunt was as great as Bernhardt's Camille. She was all that is described above, a beautiful, sleek animal. There was something soft and feline about her, a sense of one who has, as it were, basked on the warm hearth mat and been fed on cream. The addition of a fourth act seems justified when one observes her acting in it. When she first appears she has a strong sense of favors to come, and her twelve years of knocking round the world are not apparent in her old-time delicious, caressing manner. When she leaves, however, with her object unattained, the gradual transformation her experiences have wrought in her crops up, and she leaves laughing hysterically and boisterously and shouting "Shake Jimmie" to the old servant.

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There is one class of acting in which a pervading personality instead of being a detriment to the performance is a positive necessity. That is the acting of "gentleman" parts, or, as Lewes would say, "coat and waistcoat" characters. The personality required and which should pervade all such parts, should be characterized by urbanity with blandness, ease, self-restraint, smoothness, but not polish which shall dazzle by its brightness. And one who possesses such a personality in pre-eminent degree is Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft, the leading man of this company. His method is much the same as that of W. H. Kendal, and he possesses the same gentlemanly point of view which enables him to actually live his parts and to be impressive, natural and true in passages where actors of inferior ability would be false and stagey. Mr. Wheatcroft has a handsome, mobile and expressive face and a flexible, well trained voice. Robert Hunt, the upright, cultivated New Yorker, was a part which required all these qualities spoken of and he gave a well balanced, truthful performance.

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Mr. W. H. Thompson, "the American Coquelin," is possessed of that sympathetic temperament which enables him to sink his own personality in that of "characters"—men who are not of the ordinary every day make-up. Where other men would aim but toward artificiality, ludicrousness and grotesqueness, he is natural and makes us see the character from all sides, not from its odd ones alone. As Synnot, the victim of melancholia, he gave a performance that, though he spoke less than thirty lines, impressed every one with its clear tragic delineation and ranked him in power with Miss Seligman. Mr. George Backus is an excellent actor and his Rankin, especially in the last act, when the old time man of fashion has become a broken-down, broken-spirited Bohemian, was fine. Mr. William Faversham is an actor of the same school as Mr. Wheatcroft. He has a pleasing personality and much charm, but does not display the strength of Mr. Wheatcroft. His assumption of the *role* of Hunt's friend, Jack Warren, was dignified and lacked nothing.

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Miss Ida Vernon, who plays dowager parts in the company, is well known to theater-goers. Her acting is always perfection in such *roles*, even though her repertoire range through all the human characteristics, good or bad. Her delineation of the vain and mercenary mother of Violet Hunt needs no words of praise. She simply lived the character. Miss Adelaide Stanhope is somewhat out of her element in this play. She has had long experience in the melodrama, and her method is wholly artificial. Thus she has quite failed to impress the audience with the sweetness and goodness of Mrs. Synnot. Miss Jane Stuart, the *ingenue*, is Boston throughout, in accent, attire and appearance. She is possessed of more perfect beauty than any other member of the company, but her face, though of classic, clean-cut lineness, is not an acting face and must remain a bar to great theatrical success. It is quite immobile and unamenable to changes of expression. Her voice, too, lacks the sympathetic quality, but this is no barrier to her playing her present *roles* charmingly. Miss Vida Croly, daughter of the famous Jenny June, by the way, though her abilities were not put to any great test during her visit, has the qualities of face and voice which Miss Stuart lacks. Her method seems to have a slight tendency to artificiality, but she made a pleasing representative of the grown Dorothy Hunt. Miss Helen Bancroft lacked repose as Mrs. Warren, though in other parts she may display good ability. Mr. Geo. Leslie showed a greater tendency to resort to little actors' tricks that "catch on" than did the rest of the players. His Paul Manners was neither very good nor very bad. Little Annette Leland, who played the two-year-old in Bootles Baby two seasons ago, was pretty as ever.

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Martha Morton's play, Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman, the other play performed here by the Pitou Company, is of a sweeter, sounder tone than A Modern Match. Its leading motive is original, and its situations are good. The medium which the overplus of talk might create were the actors of an inferior quality, is not felt. The dialogue is humorous and not over-burdened with *repartee*. The story is of two strong and beautiful souls, which are in reality made for each other, but by force of outward circumstances they become estranged and are finally reunited on a true basis with respect and love for each other. Thomas Merritt, a self-made man, in his great love for his daughter, Margaret, and anxious for her social advancement, proposes by a cash payment to secure for her a husband of the best social standing in the person of the chivalrous gentleman, Geoffrey Middleton. The latter is forced for the sake of his father's and the family's honor to accept the terms and the bargain is consummated without the knowledge of Margaret, who believes that Geoffrey is marrying her for love and who loves him with all the love of a pure and noble heart. After the marriage the money is a barrier between the couple, and when the state of things is revealed to the wife there is real trouble. Things are ultimately righted, and all ends happily. The atmosphere of the play has not the pervading cynicism of A Modern Match. A serious fault in the play is the ambiguity of Bob Middleton's character. His apparent villainy is altogether gratuitous and inartistic. If, however, as is possible, the authoress meant to depict a character really good, but weakened by his hopeless love, as Howells has done in A Modern Instance, she should make it apparent in the dialogue. It is possible that Bob Middleton thought Geoffrey did not love Margaret, and felt that she could find happiness in his own great love. A few lines showing such a state of mind would be an improvement of this part. Another weak point is the uneveness with which the *ingenue* part of "Harry" Middleton is developed. This starts out as a graphic sketch of a noble girl who really looks at life in earnest, and she is afterwards more or less inartistically burlesqued.

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The acting of Miss Seligman in this play was a distinct contrast to her acting in A Modern Match. Here she played the lovely Margaret naturally, and in the pathetic parts with the dignity of such a strong soul as Margaret's, and in addition exercised all the charm described above. Mr. Wheatcroft as Geoffrey Middleton had even more scope than before. He was given opportunity to display more sprightliness, and the reading of the little love lyric, What Lacks My Life, was delightful. The acting of Mr. W. H. Thompson as the Old Millionaire, Thomas Merritt, taken in conjunction with his acting previously mentioned, justifies the statement that he is the greatest "character" actor on the English-speaking stage. One feels safe in saying so because greater versatility and excellence cou'd not be imagined. The ordinary comedian taking hold of the part of the rough old Croesus would have exaggerated the vulgar side of the character and left the great, loving human heart out. But as Mr. Thompson delineated the old man we forgot or forgave his vulgarity in the goodness of his motives. His ludicrousness was tempered by his tenderness. Mr. George Backus did his best work as Herr Von Graiffe. He gave a natural and unexaggerated representation of the distinguished and cultivated foreigner. Mr. William Faversham's abilities were well suited to the *role* of Bob Middleton. Mr. J. W. Shannon gave a dignified and natural performance of Courtenay Middleton, the father, which ranked with Miss Ida Vernon's assumption of the pleasant *role* of his wife. Miss Adelaide Stanhope was seen to much better advantage as Mrs. Hatchett. Mrs. Hatchett is a lady of much affectation in her opinions, and her laconic, incisive, bric-a-brac-like sayings suited Miss Stanhope's artificial method perfectly. Mr. Geo. W. Leslie was helped out by the uprightness and popularity of the character he took, that of the sterling Tom Merritt, jr. He is unfortunately ordinary. Miss Jane Stuart and Miss Vida Croly left nothing to be desired in their respective *roles* of "Harry" Middleton and Frau Von Graiffe. And the same may be said of Messrs. Gustave Frankel and Frederick Perry as Uncle Ben and Manorborn. The engagement of this company was one of the few red letter occasions for theatrical Toronto.

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Mr. Percy Greene's play, Irish Honor, may be good enough for one-night stands in country school houses, but it won't go in a live town. The play is a rehash of the same old stuff and the people it carries aren't clever enough to make it sprightly, and yet the slim audience was amused greatly when the author was trying to be most impressive. The play is as unconsciously amusing as a dog chasing his own tail.

•

Will-o'-the-Wisp is another Irish play of somewhat greater merit. The play presents a couple of new scenes and the background of the first act is interesting. The plot is as hoary-headed and familiar as ever, but Edgar Selden is a fair singer and a better actor than most dear Irish boys. His company is also excellent in its way, and one can imagine that if he were a small boy he would enjoy the performance very much.

•

The Devil's Mine has served one evil purpose in this world. It has afforded vits to punning. ly claim proprietorship of his Satanic jigsteps. Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk of Rosina Vokes' company, I am assured by a mutual acquaintance, holds the copyright on this *mot*. And it was committed by him at Montreal in January last. The Devil's Mine is called a romance I suppose because its main events occurred only in the overheated brain of its author. There are some fair western types, however, a nigger and a Denver sport—who departs from the traditions of his guild by getting warm once or twice—and a parson. A friend assures me that the innate peskiness of this greaser is accurate. In the West he says a greaser is of less account than a yellow dog. And when Denver sports or others reckon up the "stiffs" they are responsible for greasers don't count. Mr. W. C. Donaldson, a Toronto man, who takes the part of Jack Hawley, the Denver sport, only shoots in a good cause, though, and is popular with the house. The nigger is good, the eccentric actor agile and the soubrette has a properly controlled uncontrol of her legs.

TOUCHSTONE.

A quiet little tragedy was enacted recently in London, and an American actress is entirely unaware that she has played a principal part in it. Many Americans will remember Joseph Barber, the cashier in Low's Exchange until a year ago, a rather good-looking Englishman about 26 years of age. He committed suicide this week, "all for love of a lady," and the lady, who probably has never even heard of his infatuation, is none other than Beatrice Cameron. When Miss Cameron was in London last year, Barber, with whom she was compelled to transact business at Low's Exchange, fell violently in love with her. He never annoyed her by avowing his passion, though he told Mr. Low and Manager Glanville that she was the only woman he could ever love. He said that he knew she was above him and far out of his reach, and that while he felt that he was not to blame for entertaining a manly affection for the loveliest woman that God ever endowed with the breath of life, he could never hope that his love would be requited. He gradually became abstracted and dreamy. He would sit upon his office stool gazing into vacancy, his face now lighted up by an ecstatic smile and now clouded by an almost murderous frown. The other clerks in the Exchange began to be afraid of him, and the result was that Low was obliged to discharge him. After thus leaving Low's employ he began to write letters to him marked "personal and private," in all of which he continued to protest his undying love for Miss Cameron. These letters grew more and more passionate, incoherent and maudlin, until Low was startled to learn of his former employee's suicide three weeks ago.

He Weakened.

Lyte Waite.—What can I do to prove my love? I will rob an actress of her diamonds for you, pluck a hair from Kaiser Wilhelm's beard—

Miss de Speyslt.—Will you give up wearing that yachting cap?

Lyte Waite.—Cruel maid, that is too much!

Located at Last.

"The name of a Minnesota legislator is Bjorge."

"I've heard the name quite often; but I didn't know where the man lived."

Lulla.

For Saturday Night.

Off to the wars where the steels gleam blue,
Lulla, they call.
Glory and valor and love of the true—
That is not all.
Just when the glory is almost in sight,
Just when the valor is nearing its height,
Just when their hands have grown strong in the fight
Sometimes they fall.

I have been hearing, not heeding their cry,
Lulla, for long.
Love is the stronger when whispered good-bye,
Sobs in its song.
Helmets are shining and swords flash in air,
Heroes are bleeding—that life-wine is rare!
You would not hold me when this is their prayer—
"Right ye the wrong!"

List! If your arms were around me to cling,
Lulla, you know
E'en would my path me to Paradise bring,
I could not go.
Hark to the roll and the beat of the drum!
Hear you their voices! They call me to come.
I must away—I have too long been dumb;
My blood must flow.

It will be hard when we murmur good-bye—
Lulla, be true!
Ere the day closes to know I may lie,
Damp with death dew.
Could I but think I might see you again
Once ere I fell—that would ease all the pain.
Louder the clarion! Ah, not in vain!
Lulla, adieu!

LAURIER DARE.

The Trysting Place.

For Saturday Night.

She promised to meet me down here in the clover;
'Tis early, and so in the corn I will hide;
When tears from her sweet eyes are just brimming over
With real disappointment, I'll spring to her side.

But hark! there's a sound as of voices low humming;
Above the corn's rustling it whispers to me
She comes not alone; but my darling is coming;
Ah! somebody kisses her under yon tree.

She says, "Hush," with the fun in her eyes brimming over
And he? Oh, I wish he had never been born,
Says, "There are but daisy eyes here in the clover,
And no ears to hear but the ears of the corn."

"Hush, hush, go away;" through the corn he is gliding
I joined him; I touched eyes and ears when we met
He frowned, I explained, with a little confiding;
For all that I know, she is waiting there yet.

—EMMA P. SEABURY, Denver, Colorado.

A Prayer.

Leave me not, darling! now I have found you
Out of the hundreds that reck not of me,
Out of the waste of a storm beaten sea,
Out of the darkness that never could go
But for the light of this love and its glow;
Crowning but one of the millions around you—
Leave me not, darling, now I have found you.

Leave me not, darling! hear and believe me!
All that my spirit has sought for in vain,
Highest and holy, in desolate pain—
Of truth, beauty, love, it finds but in you
As stars find their throne in heaven so true—
Come to my soul, and life never can grieve me!
Leave me not darling! Oh, never leave me!

Leave me not, darling! now that I love you
God loves me more for this that I bear,
'Twould lift me from sin like wings of a prayer
This to me more than Spring and its flowers,
Thrilling the air with its musical showers—
This that is high as yon bright world above you—
Leave me not, darling! now that I love you.

An Optimist.

In summer time sweet Nature I adore,
Because her geniality appeals
Unto my very soul; and furthermore
For all the wondrous beauties she reveals.

In autumn days I love her quite as well,
Because I dote upon her fresh and cooling breezes;
And then she hues spread over hill and dell
My deep-set love of color greatly pleases.

In winter hours, too, I bend before
Her shrine and worship; she doth so allure
By sending spotless snow the whole world o'er,
And making thus all things seem good and pure.

And spring still finds me lying prostrate there,
To render praise that to her might belong;
Because in spring all is so wondrous fair,
And worthy well the best of poets' songs.

Indeed I do not cease to sing my praise
To Nature, in my poor and halting rhyme,
In summer, spring, in fall, or winter days,
Since I'm her lover true at every time.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The Joy-Bringer.

I.

Not when old Bion's idyls sweet were sung,
Or when fine Horace scorned the vulgar herd,
And praised his frugal fare—each chosen word
Writ where full skies of warm Falernian hung,
Above a table with rich garlands flung,
By Roman slaves; not when the dancer stirred
The air of spring, like swaying wave or bird,
Was there true joy the tribes of men among!

These idyls and these odes hide sadness deep
And canker worms, despite the shining gold
We gild them with; their lucent music flows
To noble words at times, but words of sleep,
But words of dreaming; life was not Life of old—
It came to earth when God the Son arose!

II.

The fair facade, the carved acanthus leaf,
The sparkling sea where clearest blue meets blue,
The piled-up roses, steeped in silver dew
Upon the marble tables, the robed chief
Of some great family, seeking cool relief,
Upon a gallery, hung with every hue
That glads the eye, while violets slave girls strew
To cithern-sounds;—this picture artists drew:

And, moved, our poets cry for the dead Pan;
Turn from the road and sing the fluted reed—
"Arcadia, O Arcadia, come again!"
A cry of fools—a cry unworthy man,
Who was a sodden thing before the Deed
Of Love Divine turned blinded slaves to men!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Dream and Deed.

What of the deed without the dream? A song
Reft of its music, and a scentless rose.
Except the heart outsoar the hand, the throng
Will bless there little for thy labor done.

The dream without the deed? Dawn's hazy gold,
Pale, ere it wake the hills, to misty gray.
Except the hand obey the heart, behold,
Thy grieved angel turns his face away.

Well Seasoned.

Mr. Povvynew—Don't you find this wine very strong?

Mr. Van Bibber—Well, it ought to be, after two ocean voyages—from San Francisco to Bordeaux and back to New York.

Between You and Me.

THE question of a correspondent who last week asked me what was my favorite flower, set me a-search among the books to find out the taste of some good authorities on the floral question and thereby form a preference which at present is lacking. Everyone knows of Napoleon's violet and Beaconsfield's primrose and Gladstone's rose, and last of all, Poulanger's carnation, and Terry and Bernhardt and Mrs. Kemble have each their dearest favorite in the floral world. I tried each of them in turn, but could not bear to put the rose above the lily of the valley, nor the carnation above the mignonette. It must be that the preference for one particular bloom comes of some association stronger and sweeter than life has given me, for like Brigham Young and his wives, "I love them all alike."

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Flowers are like people, much more so than one often realizes. The fragrant mignonette, breathing sweet cheer and gentle sympathy; the spotless lily of the valley, exacting loving homage and gentle care by her very innocent fragility; the rose, flushed and deep-scented, kindling love that is of the senses, delicious, earthly; the tall calla, a vestal virgin, to be held aloof from others, with a heart of golden truth, ever pointing upward; the fluffy, starry clematis, with its suggestion of hardness and minute perfection, and its clinging but yet unsympathetic ways; the zinnea, good, vulgar, practical, homely bodies; the petunia, gadding, undignified and ugly; the coxcomb, stiff, self-conscious and uppish, and so on all down the list, every flower has a type in man and woman.

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"She always says the right thing," ejaculated a man fervently, as a quiet-looking lady paused for a moment, spoke to his comrade and with a little hand clasp passed on. The comrade was a writer who had just made a sensation by a clever bit of writing, and the lady had said: "How proud your wife will be now. Give her my love, and tell her I am coming to congratulate her." The exquisite subtlety of the compliment and the added emphasis of the hand shake did not occur to me until I studied the circumstances and acknowledged that no personal praise in this case could have been as precious as the suggestion conveyed in the graceful little speech. Knowledge of those circumstances, a moment's quick consideration and a smiling utterance had earned the hearty commendation of a hearer who was also a critic in smart and apropos conversation.

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"I am always putting my foot in it," ruefully remarked another man as he followed a hideous malapropos by a faint laugh and a shrug, and he added in more serious tones, "Do tell me, Lady Gay, why I can't help making such breaks. I never mean to be a brute, but I say the most awful things." And, with the first experience in my mind, as related above, I answered, "Because you think what you say is not worth considering beforehand. If you had stopped and thought for the tenth part of a second, you wouldn't have told Miss Mamie, whose *fiance* is an auburn blonde, that you never trusted a man with red hair, nor would you have remarked that there was one more old miser gone, in discussing the death of a Mr. Titepurse, in the hearing of his daughter." He sighed and laughed and remarked carelessly, "I know I am an awful owl, but if I stopped to think before I said things I'd never get ahead." And so he and his kind sin against the laws of kindness in the most genial and good-hearted way from indifference, laziness and selfishness more than from the unhappy knack of putting their foot in it, which some are fond of regarding as an incurable affliction.

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Last Saturday I went to market in one of the finest market towns in Canada, where the chickens are all dressed for the table and bound to be young and fresh; where roots and garden sass of every description are heaped about in generous profusion; where white and black and copper-colored hucksters sit about in leisurely content and exchange their personal gossip and outside information when not bartering chickens and vegetables for prices which make us poor city folks long for some of their kind in Toronto. I did not go for chickens or vegetables, but for a basket to pack them in, and old experience led me to the small square where the patient squaws and fat papooses sit about among their wares. "How much?" elicits a broad smile from a mamma Indian, and a guttural, "A shellin." The shilling is paid, the little clothes-basket appropriated, when for fun I say again: "How much for the papoose?" "Twenty-five cents," promptly answers the noble red woman, hoisting up the laughing girl baby into the basket. Not to be bluffed I hand her the quarter, when, half in panic and half in defiance, she snatched up the roly-poly bundle with a sudden clasp and an emphatic "No, no, no!" and turns away.

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A question has been sent to me, which at first sight I fancied would be easy to answer, but which, the more I thought of it the more its difficulty grew. It is this: "How far should a girl defer to her parent's wishes?" Hastily one would say: "Oh, the truly dutiful child will defer in everything to her parents, and should do so—as long as she remains under their roof." But, then, I realized that such an answer was not quite fair in some cases, where the girl was old enough to have wishes and ambitions, and tastes and pursuits which might be all the living of life to her, and yet which might not find sympathy nor approval from the more cautious or conservative or less advanced authors of her being. It is no disgrace to a girl or her parents if her ideas are in advance of theirs. The world, especially woman's world, has moved gaily forward this last five and twenty years, and folks whose habits and ideas were settled and satisfying so long ago have perforce dropped behind. And how far are they justified in hobbling the eager flight of their offspring is the question?

An old man or woman lags contentedly at a gait that is misery and mortification to the bounding step of youth. And in mental as in physical motion, the female generation is making time. I appeal to the parents, so wise and so kind, to allow the young eaglet her trial flights, her little fancies, her tastes, even if they are advanced, her pursuits, even if they so soar beyond tambouring and stitching. Let her row, and walk and ride her wheel. Let her study Latin and take a college course. She may put on little airs of independence, well, let her. Don't think that just because you feed her and clothe her, you have therefore a right to crush her individuality. The girl of to day is so alive, so alert, so full of ideas, that it is her sacred right to have elbow room, and it is a simple impossibility that she can contentedly tread in those narrow ways that did for a past generation. Lady Gay has not forgotten the untrammelled days of her girlhood, when she rowed her own light skiff on the vine-bordered river, and drove her little rig along the fair Kentish roads, when she packed her small trunk and went gaily across the sea, gauging the gait her fancy prompted and learning the blessed joys of liberty. I dare say many a Mrs. Grundy did not approve, but they never bothered Lady Gay. Really, as to Mrs. Grundy, I agree with the skepticism of Mrs. Prig in regard to Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris, and say hardily, "I don't believe there never was sich a posson!"

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But, dear girls, especially you, dear girl, who are responsible for those last paragraphs, remember that though you may have caught the light of a clearer sun than shone into minds of old, still there is a knowledge that can only come with years of living, of rubbing against men and women through long days of hearing and weighing opposing opinions month by month, a knowledge of experience which the parents have and the children have not, that begins with the warning, "Not touch, fire will burn baby!" and goes on in the same key with variations. And in nine cases out of ten fire *will* burn baby—as baby too often proves by indiscreet touching, even when baby has got into long clothes for the second time.

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

M. Renan, the French historian, is sixty-eight years of age, but mentally and physically vigorous, and as full of work as ever.

Mr. Gladstone is an appreciative novel reader, and of en works himself up to a great state of excitement over the unravelling of a plot.

Bret Harte was a clerk in the San Francisco Mint in 1865, when M. H. De Young started the *Chronicle*, and did his first writing for that paper.

Pauline Lucca, Madame Modjeska, and Rose Coghlan are all said to be devoted to rural life, and Madame Modjeska's ranch in California, where she raises grapes and cattle, is especially successful.

One of the most beautiful women in London society is Lady Olivia Taylour, who is shortly to be married to Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck. A peculiarity of her appearance is a white lock in her golden hair.

Rev. Edward Cyril Gordon, whose arrival in England has just been announced, is one of the best known of the African missionaries. His nine years' work in the Dark Continent has been marked by conspicuous courage and devotion.

Mr. Henry Norman, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has married Miss Menie Muriel Dowey, the "Girl in the Karpathians," is a graduate of Harvard College, although an Englishman by birth. As Miss Dowey is an agnostic, there was a civil marriage ceremony only.

The favorite novel of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson among her own works, is the one that first made her famous—Beulah. Mrs. Wilson's home is at Spring Hill, a suburb of Mobile, and here she pursues the studies that have given her novels such a stamp of erudition.

At a dinner given in London by Mr. Henry Irving to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, the latter consented to recite two or three of his own poems, and delivered them in a manner that created much emotion. Mr. Riley is warm in his praise of England and Englishmen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, who is well known by her works of benevolence, is between eighty and ninety years of age. She is the eldest of the three daughters of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody. One of her sisters married Horace Mann; the other was the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Miss Peabody lives in Boston, and possesses a wonderful fund of reminiscences of noted New Englanders.

The Right Hon. William Henry Smith first sprang into prominence by defeating the famous philosopher and metaphysician, John

Stuart Mill, in the Parliamentary elections. He gradually rose to popularity, and died as Conservative leader of the British House of Commons. His successor will be Balfour.

The Proposed Musical Festival.

THERE have been several letters anent the proposed festival, but pressure of work has prevented my previous reference to them. They may be said to represent the two extreme opposing views on the subject. While the letter of "Chromaticus" quotes much that was written at a time when the pride in our first festival and in its success inspired many warm eulogies which cooler blood would not have passed in their entirety, it voices the feeling and the sympathy of many music-lovers. The praise and enthusiasm which a certain citizen patriotism causes to effervesce in our newspapers, is not always to be depended upon in an argument as to the excellence of the subject considered. Journalistic excitement is very much like any other excitement and many strong phrases are apt and good for description but become rather weak material with which to bolster up an argument. It does not follow that because the papers spoke with great warmth of praise of the festival it should have been a faultless event; nor does it follow that the weaknesses developed on that occasion should be copied in the future, any more than that the lessons learned should not be observed.

Much as "Chromaticus"—and hundreds like him—may have admired the work of the festival orchestra, it is yet a fact that its performances were lamentably inferior to what an ideal orchestral ensemble should be. This is not to be wondered at, for the musicians were gathered from—I had almost said the four quarters of the globe. Insufficient time for rehearsal, insufficient familiarity with the works to be performed, and in some instances, insufficient ability on the part of the players, all contributed to make the result one which, while imposing and effective up to a certain point, was not as artistic as it should have been. Mr. Torrington did the best he could with this Joseph's coat, and certainly deserved credit for what success he achieved. But surely no one can contend that because we worried through with some excellence in 1886, we should not try to do better in 1892. The performance of two oratorios and a couple of miscellaneous concerts is too much to require of an accidental orchestra, with one or two rehearsals for each event, if anything more than mere perfunctory playing of the notes is to be looked for. And we want the best: nothing but the best should be placed before a festival audience. Foreign soloists are engaged because they are presumably better than our local talent. Why, then, should the orchestra be scamped? The engagement of an orchestra such as Thomas's or the Boston Symphony Orchestra would cost more—not so very much more—than a piebald orchestra would, but would easily "draw" the difference in cost. The playing of this Boston orchestra would be a revelation to Toronto concert goers, and would in itself be the greatest musical event that has ever happened in Toronto. This may be considered a rather strong statement, but those who have heard Mr. Nikisch's splendid band will bear me out.

The malcontents on general principles, who are to be found in every community, will be apt to joint triumphantly to the other letter, that of "Handell." Some one was cruel enough to say that a man who could not spell "Handel" better than that could not have proper opinions on musical matters, but this of course does not follow. The writer of that letter, I am sure, is striving after the high ideal in a festival that we all should like to see carried out. In that he is "with us" all, and on that account his opinions are to be honored and accorded the weight their practical value earns. But it is just in this point of practical utility that they are open to question. "Handell" suggests that each of the existing societies should practice the music by itself until ready for mass rehearsals. Now see what a lot of work that would entail: Three or four bodies of singers doing singly what can be done as well in one large chorus, and three or four conductors to pay for this work instead of one. Then to let the foreign conductor take charge of the performance, would mean the extinction of the local men before the public, an unkind act if they were in the first place self-sacrificing enough to consent, an act of self effacement none of them would commit to carry out such a Utopian idea. Besides, this mode of conducting festivals does not always work out successfully. I saw a breakdown at Chicago in 1884 when Theodore Thomas, his orchestra, a chorus of nine hundred voices and Mme. Christine Nilsson had a difference of opinion as the ending of the From Thy Love as a Father in the Redemption, in which the soloist was left high and dry—truly *sola*—on a high A, and all because of an insufficient understanding between these factors.

Such a scheme is impossible in Toronto. The societies would not agree to it and the conductors would not agree to it. This throws it out of court at once. I believe the committee of the old festival association at a recent meeting decided to ask the co-operation of the various societies on a basis slightly similar to this idea of "Handell's." They were asked to forego their second concerts and come into the festival chorus, a proceeding that will not be found practical as these societies must keep faith with their subscribers and give their two concerts this year. So the ready response has not come. This will throw the scheme back upon the original plan suggested in this column, that of organizing a chorus solely for the festival. By this means all who join the chorus will be actuated by a loyalty to the scheme and to the individuals who are before them, which will ensure success to the choral sections of the festival. Strictures have been passed by "Handell" on the lack of artistic finish in the choral work of the former festival. This is unjust. The material available for the chorus in Toronto is different from that to be met with in England, inasmuch as our singers are not such good readers, and much of the time at rehearsals must be spent in "hammering" the music into their heads and mouths. (By the way, "Handell" could not have attended any of the festival rehearsals of 1886, or he would never treat the idea of "hammering" the music into the singers with such lofty scorn.) This precludes the notion of gaining the finish sought after by such chamber music associations as the Vocal Societies. Then, a large festival chorus in a large room fulfills its mission pretty well if it gives us breadth, volume, precision and clearness. The oratorios suitable for such a gathering do not as a rule contain many delicacies of expressional rendering, and such results are not usually looked for. The ordinary canons of good chorus singing are of course indispensable, and they are well within our reach here. I may say again that as far as the choral work in 1886 was concerned, Mr. Torrington achieved a success, and that I am confident that he can at least duplicate it in 1892.

METRONOME.

'Varsity Chat.

In one of the books we read while in the Public school we were informed that a certain man from among the ancients used to reprove himself for loss of time by the note, "I have lost a day," but the march of civilization has improved on this, for those who fail on our supplemental examination record their misfortune in the words, "I have lost a year." For the studious, however, there is always hope, and the Senate has decreed that a special supplemental examination will be held on the fifth day of 1892, and a number of the unfortunates will "rig in" the new year desperately endeavoring to rid themselves free of "unlucky stars."

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Saturday last, on the lawn, in the gloaming, two 'Varsity football teams—Rugby and Association—strove for the mastery against skilled rivals, and while the boys cheered their fellows in the strife, the young ladies served one another with tea and delicacies in the Y. M. C. A. hall. The seniors, juniors and sophomores had united in giving a reception to the rest. "Twas ever thus," I heard a freshman exclaim, as he looked into his Homer and thought he discovered a precedent for the manner in which the boys and girls were spending the afternoon.

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The *'Varsity* is more sought after than ever, and each week as it reaches the college, many a man is heard to say: "I think I'll miss this lecture, as I want to read my *'Varsity*."

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Mr. H. E. Irwin, B.A., president, occupied the chair at the first meeting of the Literary Society, and after a reading by Mr. J. W. Graham, Messrs. J. H. Lamont and R. H. Knox tried to convince him (the president) that independence would be a better future for Canada than annexation, while Messrs. F. E. Perrin and J. H. Brown argued that it would not. Mr. Irwin did not give a decision, and so we are as we always have been, loyal.

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Under the guidance of Dr. G. A. Peters, president, the medicals in the college on Gerrard street held a successful meeting of their society Friday evening of last week. Mr. J. J. Harper, first vice-president, delivered an address and a programme of music and recitations was rendered.

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Mr. J. M. McEvoy, B. A., fellow in political science, in a lecture the other evening at the Carlton street Methodist church on Voting, held that better political results would follow if the electors would vote for their own moral, social and financial good than under the present system of voting on party cries.

JUNIOR.

The Love of Boulanger.

Marguerite Rouzet, Vicomtesse de Bonnemain, was at one time the wife of the Vicomte Pierre de Bonnemain, a government official, from whom she was judicially separated in 1881, and absolutely divorced in 1886.

Mme. de Bonnemain was a love of about four years. She was handsome and rich and of good family. She received a home in Paris at the expense of the War Department, Boulanger then being Minister for War. The house was on the Rue de Berri, not far from the Medeleine. On the night of the eventful April, when Boulanger left Paris, he joined her a short distance from his house and drove with her to her home. This move, however, was only to confuse the police, for they soon left the house by the rear door for the railway station, whence they were off to Brussels. Mme. de Bonnemain is said to have spent one million five hundred thousand dollars in supporting the brave general during his French campaigns and after his flight, and is said to have left him three millions of francs by her will.

Early this year, Mme. de Bonnemain contracted a cold in Brussels. It developed into quick consumption. She died in Brussels on July 16th, in the general's arms, expressing to the last her unshaken faith in him and his ultimate triumph. There was a great throng at her funeral. General Boulanger walked bareheaded behind the hearse to the tomb. General Boulanger never recovered from the shock, and on September 30th he shot himself at her grave.

An Extempore Gymnasium.

Mrs. Feagan—Is it movin' yez are, darlint'!
Mrs. Brophy—It's not. Iver since they blowed th' ledge away from th' front o' th' house poor Phelim th' goat has had no pleas t' exychise.

A Young Girl's Room.

While there is a great deal of advice and information given as to the furnishing of a young girl's room, with, for instance, three boards and an old looking-glass, and various yards of muslin and ribbon for a duchess table, and chintz-covered lounges made of mattresses, and piano boxes that hold a limitless amount of dresses and paraphernalia in general, and all sorts of other magical and ingenious contrivances, comparatively little is said of another part of the furnishing of the young girl's room, that which makes it far more of a sanctuary than muslins or chintzes or dainty pre-dieux, and bookcases and photographs and German favors, or all the bric-a-brac in the world—and that is the spirit of absolute order and cleanliness which should reign there.

A young girl's room may be as full of costly articles as wealth can make it, or it may be the result of taste and ingenuity with but trifling expense, but the one who looks in upon it can, if choosing to take the pains to do so, tell at once the character of the occupant by the mere arrangement or disarrangement of the place. There is, of course, the pretty artistic *ensemble* that at first glance seems to be only confusion, but which presently resolves itself into a harmony of form and tint, any change in which would be discord, which tells something interesting concerning the artist in the arranger. Then there is the precise and prim manner, in which everything is at right angles; every book is exactly in position on every other book; no folderols are allowed; nothing that indicates a waste of time or a love of pleasure; and everything that indicates methodical, utilitarian and exacting traits, with little love of beauty, indicates a character that will by and by possibly make life a burden to every one in the house. There is the confusion, again, which is disorder, where everything has been tossed at random; there is no place for anything, and nothing is in its place, thus telling a lamentable tale of its first cause. And then there is the abode of neatness without fanatical and pragmatical effort for it, of order without primness, of grace and spotlessness combined; a room where a little of the artist is to be seen, a little of the precision and something of the perfect love of order without its caricature.

It is this last room which every young girl who has the care or direction of her room should have. Its whiteness, its cleanliness, are suggestive of her own innocence and purity. There will be no specks or stains on floor or wall or window glass; no pellets of dust in the corners; no rolls of hair and litter of papers in the grate; no clothes lying about; nothing suggestive of careless or untidy habits; and the room will have a charm of its owner's personality in the choice of prints or water-colors, in the vases, in the bunch of leaves or flowers, in the books, the desk—all showing use and occupancy, but all of them subservient to the cleanliness which is next to godliness.

Evidence of Good Health.

Female Caller—And how is your father, Mrs. Birch?

Hostess—Real well, thank you. I don't remember the time that father snored as healthy as he does now.

THE DRAMA OF A LIFE.

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

Author of "John Winthrop's Defeat," "The Stain on the Glass," "Under Oath," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

In the floating of the fan and of the feather,
To reciprocate with beauty the fine weather.
—The Dance.

Mrs. Leonard was the housekeeper at Bachelors' Beatitude, as Morgan in a fit of wit nicknamed the beautiful residence of Lee Price. Mrs. Leonard as a housekeeper was irreproachable; as a woman she was very stout, good-natured and wonderfully kind of heart. She considered the young master the perfection of manhood. There was nothing too good for him; nothing that she would not do to increase his happiness.

She was more to him—much more—than his own mother had been, and she had ruled over his house since his parents died, his mother surviving his father but two weeks. He paid her a salary that placed beyond possibility her ever coming to want; and in return she made his home a paradise of comfort. His friends said, envying him. But a paradise without hours; and under such conditions, even paradise palls sometimes.

So it was decided, one charming summer morning after solemn conclave, that the hours should be invited. And this decision wakened a stir from cellar to garret at Bachelors' Beatitude, and excited much pleasurable expectation on the part of the bachelors themselves.

"I must be a ready brilliant affair, or I will not undertake it," said Lee Price, when the proposition was being considered. "In consequence of this we must do everything to make it a success. In the first place I have one of the sweetest aunts in the world, and we shall have her here, of course. That will settle the proprieties, for when she countenances an affair the world accepts it as proper. She will do the hostess to perfection, only I warn you fellows not to fall in love with her. That is my one stipulation."

"Why not?" queried Newton, with an air of settled melancholy.

"Her husband might object."

"Oh! She has a husband!"

"Yes. And now that Mrs. Leonard will look after the household affairs and Mrs. Estabrook answers for the proprieties—for of course she will not refuse my request—we, the bachelors, may safely leave to consider the affairs somewhat nearer the heart—naming the guests."

"Fair Eleanor, of course," murmured Herbert Morgan, with a side-glance of challenge toward Burnside.

"Certainly," was the cool reply. "I should say she will be one of the guests, Mr. Morgan! So far as I know, there is no reason why my little *fiancee* should not be invited. The collection of hours would be sadly deficient were she omitted."

"That is well said, Rob," laughed Price, suddenly ceasing his nibbling of the pencil he held. "Miss Harte's name goes down for that, the first in the list. And then there's Miss Atherton, of course, and Miss Dunbar and Kittie Florence——"

"And so on until the list was full and, judging from the invited guests, there could be no doubt of a successful ending to the proposed brilliant affair.

Mrs. Estabrook was the perfection of a hostess, and Mrs. Leonard the ideal housekeeper. The house was magnificent. Flowers and palms were banked in the halls and on the a sarcase; a row of tall palms bordered the piazza from end to end; hydrangeas, with their huge bouquets of blossoms, were arranged upon the steps; roses of every description, with fragrant shrubs and white blossoms, made the lawn like a tropical garden.

The house was brilliant with light; the lawn soft with the light of swinging lanterns. A group of musicians, engaged from Boston, were hidden by palms and flowers at one end of the piazza, deadening the low murmur of the waves along the beach close under the lawn wall, as the tide rose. A brilliant moon was riding the heavens, silvering the bay and trailing a path of molten glory across the dimpling waters, as though there were the gateway to celestial lands leading from this earthly paradise.

Carriages began to arrive early, and groups of charming women, in delightful toilets, set the seal of perfection upon the brilliant scene. It was almost altogether a town affair; not more than half a dozen of the ladies were from the city, and not so many gentlemen as that.

Young Dr. Graham was one of the favorites among the group of young men from the town. Young Dr. Graham, as a successful physician and wealthy young man, was considerably sought after by wise mothers with marriageable daughters. And young Dr. Graham, being wise, divided his attentions between many young ladies and was delicately courteous to the old; but in his own heart he knew that there was only one face and voice and eyes—bewitchingly bright—that meant more than friendship or courtesy to him.

But if pretty little Polly Ballard knew this quite as well as he did, was it at all probable that she should make it known to the world? Then, too, she treated Tom Hastings with special favor that evening, and Tom Hastings was utterly devoted to her in all appearances, and in spite of gaiety and music and beauty—in spite of that clear track of glory across the waters from the quiet heavens—jealousies and heavy hearts and eyes brilliant with mock laughter, betrayed that the serpent had also gone in here.

So Price managed to leave your patients long enough to grace this festive scene—eh, Jack?" Hastings asked of Graham, as they met in the hall going out to the supper room.

Miss Polly's white gloved hand was lying on Hasting's arm, and Miss Polly herself, to all intents and purposes, quite ignored Dr. Graham.

"Price set you down as one of the 'doubtfuls,' Graham," he added; "but I see that you have come."

Price himself was within sight and hearing. Catching this remark, he smiled upon these guests. Graham acknowledged this remark easily. He was apparently unconcerned as to whether or not Miss Polly Ballard bestowed her attention upon his friend or himself; but Miss Polly knew better.

"Yes," he said, carelessly. "One does occasionally set aside business for plea ure. Unusual with me, but rather pleasant—when Price is concerned." And passing on with his companion, he and Polly drifted apart until the gay evening was ending. Then—fate brought them together.

The parlors were filled with dancers. The music, drifting from the band behind the palms, set wings to light feet and yoyo the hearts throb: b ng and bright eyes flashing in the gas light. What, though the world were wheeling out of orbit, if one could dance one's sorrow down! There were groups on the piazza and the lawn. Loiterers by the sea-wall watching the waves and mur uuring soft nothings or tender words of meaning. Appreciative eyes gazed across the bath to the distances of heaven. Musical laughter tinkled on the fragrant silence. Deeper voices drowned the cry of the waves to the ears that listened and the hearts that yielded to love.

Jack Graham, for the first time that evening, was drawn from the vicinity of the presence of his host. With undeviating, yet quiet persistence, the young physician kept continual watch of the handsome, genial, smiling host, moving among his guests, the embodiment of courteous manhood. Jack Graham was not one to be deceived when there was the faintest hope of success. But Miss Polly had relented and was for the time causing him to forget or neglect his duty. For it was more duty than pleasure that brought Doctor Graham to this scene of activity.

But Miss Polly was irresistible when she was so charming as at that moment. She was looking up into his eyes, murmuring softly, plaintively that it was so delicious out upon the lawn, where one need not suffocate in crowds and where the moonlight was beautiful; and Doctor Graham, glancing hastily through the groups for his host and seeing him in perfect apparent health and spirits among the dancers, with beautiful, wealthy Miss Constance Conwright as his partner, turned away, smiling, with bewitching Miss Polly to join the more romantic groups and promenaders upon the piazza.

The breeze was faint. Presently Miss Polly and her escort were crossing the lawn toward the sea-wall, attracted by the beauty of the scene and the softened sound of music and gaiety from within. Miss Polly held her gown carefully up from the penetrating dew of the close shaven grass, and Doctor Graham made sure that she was protected by an India shawl from the breeze, after the heat of the rooms. They were talking very earnestly and carefully, neither of them, if the eyes of the world were upon them, for they were quite happy and sufficient unto themselves.

When they reached the sea-wall, Miss Polly commanded silence, and her companion willingly stood with her before the exceeding beauty of the scene. The moonlight touched her face and soft black hair and tender midnight eyes. Looking across the water, following that silvery path-way, she forgot herself and her companion—forgot utterly her surroundings. Dr. Graham, not being such an admirer of scenic beauty, did not have so much attention for the sea as for her; he seemed rather to be perfectly and altogether conscious and anxious for the welfare of Miss Polly.

"Isn't it beautiful, Dr. Graham?" queried Polly, presently, in a voice of awe.

"Yes," replied Jack, smiling, looking down upon her.

"But you are not looking at it all!" protested Miss Polly, petulantly, withdrawing her hand from his arm and laying it upon the crumbling sea-wall. "You don't appreciate beauty one bit, Dr. Graham!"

"Yes, I do," said Dr. Graham, unmoved. "I was looking at you, Miss Polly."

"But—" began Polly, half angrily.

And then she stopped, for fate had come between.

A shadow glided out from among the shadows on the lawn and paused beside them—a tall figure gloomily black, somber, startling.

Polly uttered a smothered cry and shrank close to her companion. Dr. Graham drew her hand through his arm, leaving his own over it reassuringly as he faced the strange intruder upon their peace.

"I beg your pardon," said a low, even voice, and Graham recognized in the moonlight the cold, thin face of Conyers. "The young master is ill. He asked for you. Come if you please, sir."

"How unfortunate!" muttered the doctor, hurrying with Miss Polly across the lawn, the valet disappearing as silently and suddenly as he had come. "I watch for hours, and just as I congratulate myself on groundless fears and relax vigilance, fortune turns upon me and the evil falls! I would have given anything, anything to have been with him at the time! I must go to him, Polly, at once."

"Of course," said Polly, with sweet gravity. "Poor Mr. Price! Go right away, Dr. Graham, don't stop for me! I will find mamma easily or—Here is Mr. Waring! He will see that I am safe."

"Certainly," said one of the gentlemen who stood near the door of the hall. "With pleasure, Miss Ballard. Poor Price! They say that he is horribly ill, Graham. Hastings put us all out of the rooms soon as he was attacked," continued Mr. Waring to Miss Polly, as they lingered upon the piazza, anxiously watching for news of their host, yet not wishing to intrude upon him. "I never saw Hastings so cut up in my life. He was near Price at the time. They were eating cream with Miss Dunbar and Kittie Florence, and all at once Price became deadly ill—like death—and would actually have fallen to the floor if Hastings had not caught him. They have laid up in his room now. I wish Graham would hurry and tell us regarding him. Poor fellow!"

And it was "poor fellow" indeed, for Graham found him much more ill than he had expected—and he had expected to find him very ill. Conyers was in the room when he entered, as though he had never left it, as though his flight into the night were but a thought of the brain and not reality. Conyers, self-possessed, cool, unmoved, standing aside for the master, whom he had assisted to the bed and was carefully and deftly divesting of his evening dress.

It was all he could do and exactly what he should do; but Graham, whose glance fell upon him instantly on entering, felt a swift sense of distrust for him and spoke rather sharply to him in giving his command.

But the immovable face did not once change in expression nor his noiseless obedience falter.

CHAPTER VIII.

EMMA.

Faces! O my God,
We call those faces!—men's and women's.
—Aurora Leigh.

Lee Price lay upon the bed under the hands of his valet, deadly pale; not uttering a groan, yet in silent, convulsed agony; one hand thrown out grasping the pillow, as though to stifle sound. His eyes were closed, but they opened in recognition as Graham bent over him, a muttered imprecation on his lips for having been tempted from his friend.

"Bring me a glass of water, Conyers, at once," he said. "I will get him in bed while you go for it. Go immediately."

The later order was superfluous, as Conyers had disappeared ere it was uttered, and returned so quickly that even at that time Graham wondered at his expedition.

In a few moments, between them, they had the young man in bed, some powerful drug administered, and he was in a heavy sleep, not likely to be broken for many hours. Then Graham sent Conyers to summon Hastings and Mrs. Leonard. Both responded at once, and to each he made such explanations as he considered advisable. To the housekeeper he gave instructions to have the house cleared of its guests and quiet enforced, adding a command that he desired the cream of which Price was eating at the time of attack to be quietly placed where it would be safe until he ordered it brought to him.

"Much cream is mixed with dangerous matter," he said, gravely and impressively. "It may possibly be that which caused his illness. I wish to investigate. Let Mrs. Leonard and I you will see that Mrs. Estabrook receives this note, she will arrange the social part of the dismissal with ready tact."

He hastily wrote a few words upon a page of his note-book and handed it to the housekeeper.

"Of course, I shall see to that," she said, as she took the paper; "but you surely don't think, you cannot think, doctor that our poor dear young master has been poisoned? It couldn't be his cream, because I took mouthful of it was bought. It was made right here in the house—Emma attended to that—and then no one else was ill—"

"I know that," interrupted Graham, quietly, "and I desire nothing said about it in the house, Mrs. Leonard. Reserve me this plate of cream, and see that no one is alarmed. I think the young master will be all right to-morrow. I shall remain here to-night."

His eyes were upon Conyers as he uttered these words, and very sharp eyes they were; but the man's pale, thin face did not betray that he knew this, or even that he heard.

When Mrs. Leonard was gone, he turned to the valet with a swift movement of dismissal.

"You may leave us now, Conyers," he said. "I shall remain. If I need you I shall ring; and if I do ring—" the man paused in the doorway, unmoved, but obedient to the commanding voice—"if I do ring, Conyers, come to me without delay."

"I will, sir," was the even reply, as the door closed noiselessly upon the speaker, and the two friends were alone at one end of the room, within sight and sound of the man who lay in unconscious sleep upon the bed.

"Well?" said Hastings, gravely.

"Well!" said Graham, with equal gravity.

Their eyes met, and some strange comprehension flashed into each. Whatever of unpleasantness had come between them, owing to Miss Polly's fickleness, was now entirely superseded by anxiety for their friend. Graham wheeled a chair noiselessly nearer the window, where the cool night air stole in soft and refreshing after the night's heated rooms. Hastings followed his example.

"Now, then?" said the latter, shortly, but in a satisfied tone, as though he expected every mystery or difficulty to be at once explained away.

"I think that you were right, Tom, to a certain extent," was the cool reply, after a moment of silence. They could hear the indistinct murmur of voices in the lower rooms and upon the piazza, and the dead roll of wheels as the guests departed. "I think from appearances now—very soon I shall judge from certainty."

"How?"

"If you have patience you shall discover," replied the doctor, calmly. "I should like you to remain here with me to-night—or to-day rather, as it is nearly dawn—if you can, Tom. The world is a topsy-turvy place. We shall straighten it in spite of Shakespeare's disgust of the man who would set right a disjointed world. There is power in science, my dear fellow. I grow more respectful toward it every day, as I learn more of its use—and misuse."

There was more than surface meaning in the words, but each apparently comprehended.

"Why want you to tell me of this now, Jack?" asked Hastings, in some disappointment. "I have guessed considerable, but I would not object to knowing more."

"Knowledge comes," said the doctor, coolly, leaning back in his chair and clasping his hands behind his head, his eyes half quizzical yet grave, meeting those of his companion—"but wisdom lingers, Tom. That wouldn't be a half-bad motto for one to accept. When Price wakens I shall question him more than I have ever felt at liberty to do before. If you are present you may be somewhat enlightened as to the nature of drugs and chemicals and their effects. It is best not to let the other fellows know, however."

"So long as we can help it—yes," said Hastings, in some dissatisfaction at this meagre explanation granted him.

"Why do you make that reservation, Tom?" Tom shrugged his shoulders. Their conversation was carried on in low tones and they sat in close companionship, but now he leaned a trifle nearer the physician and his voice was still lower as he said, distinctly:

"Because one cannot see into the future, Jack; because the poor fellow yonder grows worse at each attack, and because there is one person whom I cordially dislike and whom Price trusts it is that confounded Conyers! There is something too sly about him to please me. I could not endure him long in my presence."

The physician raised his brows, and a half-smile crossed his lips.

"I sent him away," he said, "because I prefer his room to his company myself, Tom."

Silence after that upon the house and over the lawn but one short hour before alive with brilliant life and light. The guests had departed, save those belonging to the household, and the lights were out, and only the far-away low murmur of the waves along the beach where the tide was falling. Through the open windows the breeze stole, heavy with fragrance from the lawn and the garden. The pathway of silver light upon the water had shifted as the moon went slowly sliding down beyond the western hills.

There was no sound, save these delicate night sounds and the quiet breathing of the sleeper—save the low-toned voices of the physician and his friend keeping watch, as the dawn stole up the east, treading down lightly and mysteriously with tender touch the moonlight, and broadened and deepened to amber and lilac and royal purples of sunrise and day and wakened life below.

But it was long after sunrise when Lee Price opened his eyes upon the day. Just at first he did not recognize Dr. Graham, who was sitting by the east window, quietly reading, and could not recall what had happened. Then the memory partly returned, and raising himself unsteadily upon one elbow and staring hard at his friend, he addressed him.

Hastings had gone downstairs for breakfast, and they were alone.

"Graham!" he said. His voice was very weak and his hand trembled as he brushed the hair up from his forehead in a habit peculiar to him when anxious or perplexed.

"Yes!" replied Graham, immediately, but with entire composure, as he laid aside his book, and, rising, crossed to the bed. "What is it, my dear fellow?"

"That is what I would ask you," said Price, weakly.

"You may ask innumerable questions if you will, Lee."

"You will answer them—if you choose, I suppose!" was the petulant retort. "I—was ill last night, Jack?"

"Yes."

"You brought me up here?"

"Hastings had you brought here—yes."

"Where are the guests? What did they—think? What did you tell them?"

"I presume they are lost in delightful dreams of the evening spent here, my dear boy," was the physician's cool reply; "but as to what they think, I cannot undertake to say. Your aunt and Hastings saw them off without the least scene. That aunt of yours should be a politician, Lee, she can so easily manage people."

"Where is she, Graham?"

"I can't say. She came to the door once, to learn of your condition; but I told her that you must not be disturbed, and she obeyed implicitly. You must do the same if you wish to be about soon."

"That's like her," said Price.

He had fallen back among the pillows, and Graham was standing beside him, holding one hand, with his fingers lightly pressed upon the restless pulse stirring in the wrist. Price lay silently watching him for a moment.

"Were you with me—then—Jack?" he asked, presently. "I cannot remember. I have tried, but my head feels too much of a burden as it is."

"No," Graham said, quietly, an intentness upon his face that his patient did not attempt to fathom. "I was on the lawn. Conyers called me. He did not find me sleeping so soundly this time."

Price did not speak, but his glance quickened as though with resentment at this subtle hint of valet's infidelity. Then he withdrew his hand from the doctor's hold and turned his head restlessly upon the pillow.

"Then you knew nothing about this attack—more than about the other, Graham?"

The doctor's eyes were narrowing and the intent expression deepened upon his face.

"Perhaps I do," he said. "You and Miss Dunbar and Miss Florence with Hastings were eating cream. You had eaten but little of the cream when it made you violently ill——"

"How do you know it was the cream?" demanded Price, shortly. One might think that he did not like this insinuation.

"I am stating the case as it appeared," was the unruffled reply. "I shall state it as it is truly, presently. Hastings had you removed presently and sent Conyers for me. How are you feeling, my dear fellow?"

"I feel as though there were forty horses treading down upon my head," was the irritable answer. "Really, Graham, I believe if this thing continues much longer you will have a lunatic upon your hands."

Graham nodded.

"I shall take good care that nothing of the sort occurs, Price," he said. "And now I shall ask you one or two questions that you may consider impertinent—or rather consider so if you were not perfectly certain that it is your old friend who asks. Have you any new servants in your household?"

Price stared at him as though he believed that he were the one threatened with insanity instead of himself.

"What possible interest can you have in that?" he asked, shortly. "Every one of my servants is capable and faithful, if that is what you mean, and all have been with me for several years—excepting Emma. I know that you dislike Conyers, when you have no earthly reason for doing so; but if you attempt to distrust Emma you will be carrying your suspicions pretty far, my dear Graham.

"Now that you have relieved your feelings," said the doctor, laughing, and undeterred from his path of investigation, "will you kindly inform me what were your sensations last night?"

Price moved his head impatiently as though he would prefer to be silent upon his illness and its symptoms, but was compelled to reply, as the physician was awaiting his answer and he knew that Jack Graham was not to be moved from his path of duty.

"I felt decidedly ill," he said, flatly and sharply. "Isn't that enough for you to know, Graham? No! You are such a stony-hearted fellow when your mind is set upon a thing! Well, then, I felt as though a beautiful Borgia were thrusting me through and through with a poisoned dagger to rid himself of me. I felt as though delirious was paralyzing me with her gaze of stone. As though the Colossus of Rhodes were falling upon my head. I felt, to sum it all up in one fine point, as though every earthly joy had faded and I didn't specially care."

There was fine sarcasm in his voice and upon his face, but Dr. Graham seemed not to heed it. He merely nodded quietly and his eyes searched the pale face with concentrated thought.

"And after all this fine drama so cleverly put, you have brought up here and are only just wakened to the fact that the world still holds considerable to be lived for, Lee. That will do for now. Now I will see what Mrs. Leonard has to say regarding the cream you so faithfully defined."

Disregarding Price's protestations, the young doctor crossed to the bell and summoned the housekeeper. She replied immediately, but there was an unusual uneasiness in her manner that was marked with the keen eyes detected at once.

"How is the young master, Dr. Graham?"

"He is better, Mrs. Leonard. I should like you to send me the cream I ordered, immediately. Send it to the adjoining room, please. I have use for it."

He had not a doubt that his instructions of the previous night had been obeyed. He was accustomed to having his orders obeyed unquestioningly.

Hastings was ascending the stairs.

A faint flush of annoyance crept to the housekeeper's face, but she obediently not suspecting she lifted the embroidered bag that hung at her side, containing the household keys, and smoothed its ribbons as though so she would smooth out his displeasure.

"I am so sorry, doctor," she said, hesitatingly, "but Emma forgot and threw that in with the rest of the things. She is so prone to be careless, she is usually a very good girl—"

A thunder-storm of anger was brewing on the doctor's brows. His eyes darkened and blazed.

"And you defend her," he said, "even though you know that your master's life may depend upon faithfulness to my orders!" His voice was even, but deeper than usual with suppressed indignation.

"She meant no harm, truly, doctor. She is young, and usually very careful—"

"Who is this Emma who is such a paragon?"

"One of the housemaids, Dr. Graham."

"Send her to me, Mrs. Leonard—and Conyers also."

He turned away, re-entering the room followed by Hastings, and closed the door.

"I sent for you, Conyers," he said sternly, when the valet entered a few moments later, accompanied by a bright-faced girl.

"Yes, sir."

"You saw your master taken ill last night—you were near him at the time?"

"I was in the servants' hall, sir. I could see that he was ill."

"We were watching the party from the hall, sir," ventured Emma.

"Oh!" said the young doctor, with steely sarcasm in his voice, his keen eyes turned from the valet to the girl. "And you saw that he was ill, too, I suppose, Emma? You are Emma, I take it?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was while he was eating cream with friends?"

The eyes were like sword-points, bent upon the valet rather than the girl, as though he read pieces from his inscrutable face and fathomed his thoughts. But the man stood silent, with downcast eyes and thin, inscrutable face.

"And you disobeyed my orders regarding this cream! Who told you to do it?"

The question was sudden and startling because of the questioner's voice, and the girl started, paled, and frightened, but the man, with the immovable valet, then about the room, her gaze falling again to the floor as her hands pulled nervously at her apron.

"No one told me, sir. I did not think. I—I——"

"Did you not?" was the scornful interruption, silencing her stammered speech. "Very well, Emma. See that you obey my instructions in the future. You may go—both of you."

But as they turned away at his command Jack Graham caught a glance that passed between them. A strange glance; it puzzled him. Was it scorn or reproach or warning passing from the valet's eyes to the frightened eyes of the girl?

Then the door closed noiselessly upon them, and he turned toward the bed.

CHAPTER IX.

HASTY SUMMONS.

Leave the judgment to Him who alone knoweth the law.
Strictly no man can be his own judge; least of all
His own doomsman.—*Meredith.*

Dr. Graham resolutely refused young Price's request that he might rise and dress, having no faith in his professed recovery.

"I will not remain in bed to be coddled like a baby!" Price declared, fuminglly. "I

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never do when I have these attacks, Graham."

"Which is due to your having no one to care for you, my dear fellow," was the cool retort. "As your physician—setting mere friendship aside—I command you to stay where you are for twenty-four hours; and as I intend to remain with you, *nolens volens*, I rather think that you will stay."

"You are so absurdly set in your ways," said Price, half angrily, half laughing. "I wouldn't care to live with you, Graham—a fellow would have no will at all!"

"Which would be all the better for his physician," replied Graham, quietly. "Nevertheless, it is my opinion that you would recover all the sooner for my presence, Lee."

Price frowned at the intimation in the quiet voice; but Graham was so cool, so unmoved, so good-natured, and yet determined, that he yielded to his commands after the first waves of opposition. And it was only the most delicate breakfast that the doctor would allow his patient, even this being prepared by the housekeeper himself at Graham's desire. For the doctor did not once leave the room unless Hastings took his place, and, although Price was irritated at this close watch upon him, he knew the kindness that prompted it and although it might be mistaken kindness Lee Price was not one to undervalue it.

Still, as is sometimes the case, man proposes that which it is impossible for him to dispose, and a more powerful will than that of young Dr. Graham turned the wheel of fate that day.

A summons came for Dr. Graham that afternoon from one of his most influential patients, Dr. Harry Hutchinson, Jack Graham's associate, had been given charge of the latter's patients until he could leave Price; but in this instance, the patient being a stubborn, determined, rather hard elderly woman, where her prejudices, firm in her friendship, Dr. Harry Hutchinson discovered that he would not do at all to fill his friend's place, and was obliged to send a message to Graham to that effect, adding that Mrs. Colter Harrington was ser ously ill, and as he could not attend her owing to her refusal to see him, Dr. Graham, must go to her at once if it were possible.

It was possible. Even Dr. Graham, biting his under lip savagely in his annoyance at this new interruption to his plans, was forced to acknowledge that this was quite possible. Price had recovered with remarkable promptness, although still confined to his bed by Graham's orders; but Hastings was in the house and would willingly take his place as nurse, if not physician, when the matter was explained to him.

As for Lee Price, he laughed when informed of the summons for his physician, declaring that fate could sometimes look over a mass of absurdities to good common sense, and so had recalled to active duty this "captain in reserve." If he were obliged by stress of circumstances to be under surveillance, Tom was a pretty good sort of fellow to be placed in charge, and he would accept gracefully, if Tom could say the same.

Of course Tom was also of this opinion, and the matter was settled within a few minutes, the doctor's horse waiting for him at the door, and Hastings going with him down the stairs to see him away, and receive any last word regarding the patient's condition.

Newton was lounging upon the piazza with a cigar and a newspaper. He inquired of Jim, the stable boy who was holding the doctor's horse at the steps, if Dr. Graham was leaving; to which the well trained boy replied that he did not know; he could not tell, sir; he had only been told to fetch the horse.

Newton, with his steady good nature, was not to be put off even by this very clear reproof, but smoked on in apparent unconsciousness of such rebuff, his eyes occasionally turning from the news columns to the unmoved although not stupid face of the boy, whose hold was light upon the bridle, but perfectly reliable, as had been proved many times.

Newton was fond of boy-nature—"boy in the original," he called it, and the boy soon discovered this, and almost always reciprocated with warm admiration of the good-natured, well made, quizzical man, who protended, with perfect frankness, that he was himself "just a boy inside," in spite of "tumbling up somehow into six feet or so and a pretty good breadth of shoulder.

Jim liked him. Jim had always a broad smile for this particular guest of his master, and was always willing to undertake any errand which his might desire.

"Hello, Jim!" he exclaimed, suddenly—so suddenly that the boy started with surprise. "When you wake up some fine morning and discover that you're a man, what are you going to be, professionally or non-professionally?"

Jim grinned. His teeth were white and even, and his eyes bright with intelligence.

Newton laughed, tossing away his cigar.

"What'll you be, Jim? Come out with it. President, professor, peculiar or popular? That's the old alphabet game. What's your answer?"

Jim shifted the bridle from one hand to the other and stroked the horse's nose as it turned its head and fine eyes upon the boy.

"I just decided, Mr. Newton. Guess, though, if master'll let me, I'll stay with him as gard'ner. I like that."

"A gardener!" exclaimed Newton, somewhat taken aback. "And you say it with such pride! The answer was to be in 'p,' you know, Jim. I expected 'president' or 'professor.'"

"But there's them as makes good gard'ners, and there's them as makes bad, Mr. Newton, the boy eagerly protested, lest he want to be good, too, though. There's 'most always room for a real good one, you know."

"A 'real good' anything—yes, Jim!" replied the young man, amused and interested by the boy's refusal to be laughed out of his belief. "The answer should have been in 'g;' still it is safe to predict your success any where from 'a' to 'z!' I'll endorse you, my lad. It's grit that wins—grit and perseverance."

Jim nodded decidedly. Cesar, the horse, was rubbing his nose inquisitively and affectionately upon the boy's shoulder and champing his bit. Cesar must be quieted. But waiting the horse did not stide Hastings, or Jim's breast—in fact, thought was pretty active in the boy's breast at that moment; but as Dr. Graham and Hastings appeared in earnest conversation passed between himself and Newton for that time.

"So, you're off, Graham?" Newton queried, as the two crossed the piazza to the steps. "How is Price getting on?"

Neither had noticed him, being engaged in earnest conversation, and they started when he spoke.

"He is improving rapidly," the doctor replied, although the frown on his fine face and half angry flash in his eye denoted anything but an improved condition of his own feelings. "In fact, he is improving so well that I have him in Hastings's hands. All right, Jim!" He sprang to the saddle and paused for a moment, the bridle tightened in his hands as the boy stepped aside and the horse reared, eager to go. "Take good care of Price, you fellows, and let me know if you need me. If I hear nothing from you I shall come down to-morrow to hear how he is."

"All right," said Hastings, turning back into the house to return to his friend's room.

"Good luck," said Newton, laughing. "I'd like to see you, Graham, but I hope you'll not be summoned for professional services."

"It would be just my luck, shouldn't," Graham muttered, as he galloped away, "to miss some features of Price's illness. As soon as my back is turned something is certain to occur that I wouldn't have missed for a fortune."

But the hours of the late summer afternoon dragged lazily by at Bachelors' Beatitude, drowsy with hazy sunlight, fragrant with odorous shrubs and flowers, tender with murmuring waves along the beach, where the tide was at ebb and would soon turn creeping up the pebbles.

Mrs. Estabrook joined Newton upon the piazza as the afternoon grew late. Mrs. Estabrook was a charming woman with soft white hair and large brown eyes that were not one whit dimmed by the passing years. Her heart was young as well as her eyes, her young friends declared; and if this were flattery, it was very pretty flattery. She brought out with her an intricate scrap of embroidery, and her beautiful hands moved lightly to and fro among the silks, as she talked with the idle young man beside her.

The house and grounds were very quiet. Hastings was reading to Price, in the cool, shaded room above; Mayhew had joined a party of ladies with their carriages for an excursion to horseback to the woods back of the town; Curtis was lost to sight in the upper room of the summer house on the edge of the lawn facing the water, oblivious to what passed around him in his absorbed study of a book on art; Burnside and Morgan, most adventurous of them all, were fishing on the Sound. They were enthusiastic followers of hook and line, and went out early that afternoon in a row boat—"taking themselves off," as they put it, not to be in the way of their host or to claim his attention.

They had excellent luck off Old Horse Rock, on the Sound side of the bay and the Sound, and were in good spirits as they pulled up anchor and started for the shore. The sun was setting; the tide was running in strongly, and to reach the house in time for dinner they were obliged to pull a steady oar. They were going in with the tide, and the dinner-hour was near at hand.

"I had no idea it was so late," said Morgan, replacing his watch and taking a firm grip on the oars. "Almost half past seven, Burnside, and this stretch of water between us and the house. It's 'row, brothers, row' with a vengeance, if we would get in on time."

"Cheerily, O!" added Burnside, with a hearty roll of his voice along the call. "Pull away! Give her your left a bit more, Herb. That's it. I wonder what's keeping you?"

"Yes, poor fellow!" said Morgan, seriously. "They can say what they choose, and hush it up if they will, in accordance with Graham's wishes, but it's a mighty strange affair, Burnside—all of it!"

Burnside nodded gravely, steering their course with a steady hand and keen eye.

"That's what it is, Morgan! Price is too healthy a fellow to be failing off promiscuously, as he has been doing lately. I can see that. It puzzles Graham, too, in spite of his nonchalance. Do you remember the day he rode away in a huff because Conyers didn't summon him during an illness of Lee's? Pull a stroke harder on your right. Now then, straight ahead! All right!"

The oars dipped and lifted and flashed in the soft light, and dipped again in perfect unison; the boat was gliding through the water with minor sounds of "plash" and "plush" and "gurgle" of the water at the bow, as their conversation languished.

"And Hastings, too," said Morgan by and by, as they were running up nearer the little wooden pier beside the boathouse, where the keeper stood waiting for them. "He has a streak of 'freaks' on him, as well as Graham and Price, Rob! Something queer to disturb those fellows. They are not easily disturbed."

"Yes," said Burnside cordially, as he stepped from the boat, the boathouse keeper's hand upon the prow to steady her. "But—Great Scott! What's the row, Morgan! Look, there!"

Along the road across the salt meadows, in through the open gateway and around the delightful drive in the shadow of twilight, dashed a horseman regardless of the animal he rode—coming, and gone almost as the exclamation from the young man left his lips. Down the piazza steps, the rider flinging himself from the saddle and hurrying up the steps as they paused upon the pier, too much astonished to move.

"It's the young master," the boat keeper said, with grave respect, as he watched with them the disappearance of the horse. "He looks worse. They do say as he's a-dyin', an' they sent for the doctor to come."

(To be Continued.)

Found and Lost.

In a wretched upper room of a miserable tenement I found my lover. There, in the squalor of those nameless surroundings, she lay, her wasted arms stretched out on the ragged coverlet, her breath coming and going slowly, with dreadful hollow murmur. And when I looked on the yellow, unrecognizing face, marred additionally ghastly by the dark traces of make-up lingering on the lids; on the thin wisps of hair, gray in patches, and green and yellow where the dye had been faded; on the shrunken skin, whose copperhued spots conveyed to my practiced eye an only too common significance on the subject, my heart seemed to be read more plainly than any, where else that story of degradation—when I looked on these things I closed my eyes, and my love appeared to me once again, clothed in all the glory of the past.

I saw her bright imperious eyes, her wayward, petulant mouth, the rich color in her brown hair. The gleam of her arms and shoulders and of her breast, and the swaying of her supple form came to me with the strains of an old German song long ago forgotten; the rustle of her dress brought with it the faint odor of jasmine; the sweeter scent of her breath accompanied the memory of a low, merry, maddening laugh.

She was mine—my wife—my love!

She was stolen from me as I loved her. He, the enemy of my boyhood and of my manhood, had taken her away from me and then flung her in the mire, but that could not kill such love as mine. My life, my hopes, my career were broken, but I yearned for her. And now, after years, I had found her, a polluted outcast, she had sought me out.

And she did not know me.

It is no unusual thing for a doctor, practicing in the poor district of the East Side, to be called in such cases. It is sad, but we are used to it and we expect it. At the first glance I knew that it was she, at the second I knew that she was suffering—dying of disease, of excess, of want, of exposure. I made all my arrangements calmly and quickly. My senses were numbed, but, strangely enough, I was active and alert. It did not take me long to provide her with nourishment and stimulant; the draught that I made her swallow had a favorable effect, and making the best of her miserable surroundings I soon saw that she was warm, clean, and comfortable. I could do no more for her. I busied myself with preparation for my stay, for I had no intention of leaving her.

She watched my movements with an expression of curiosity for some time, and then she beckoned to me. When I bent over her she said in a hoarse whisper:

"Are you going to stay?"

I nodded.

She lay back on her pillow, with eyes closed, and murmured—"I wonder why! But you're very good."

From the first no hesitation had come to me. I meant to watch and to nurse her. When the end should be near I would make myself known to her and put my arms about her. She should die on my breast. Had I lived all these years only that I might find her; now I lived only that she might know me, and know that I loved her, and die perhaps loving me.

And during all those hours that I tended her, as a mother tends her dying baby, I had but the one thought—that she might love me.

My attention was unremitting, soothed her. She became calm, and, with closed eyes, began to talk to me. There were strange fancies and childish dreams mingled with awful reminiscences and the cynicism of the lost. I talked too, softly, and tried to direct her thoughts into better channels. But she did not listen to me; she had commenced to relate her history. I held my breath while I waited to hear her speak of me. But she thought of her lover before her husband. She told me of their passion, of their loves, while I held my breath and gnawed my lips. Then, when she mentioned me, it was to repeat a joke that he had made at my expense. I did not move. Her tale ended with a wild, incoherent burst of rage against the man who had cast her off—the man whom she had loved.

When she had partially recovered from her exhaustion, she placed her hand under the pillow and drew forth a revolver.

"I thought at one time that I might use this," she said with a smile. "Some one told me that I would want it if ever I should live to be as I am now. But you see, doctor, I'm afraid."

She replaced the weapon under the pillow, but the muzzle was left protruding slightly. It fascinated me; I could not remove my eyes from that bar of blue steel pierced with the tiny black hole. A thousand wild fancies passed each other through my brain. I was in a dream.

My awakening was strange.

The clinging woman sat up suddenly, her eyes blazing, and in a voice resonant with delirium, cried:

"Send for him—I will kill him!"

The words burned themselves on my brain. I rose and left the room. Without difficulty I found a messenger and despatched a note. Although I had not seen him for years I knew where he could be found, for he was well known. He would find in my note only the urgent request of a small practitioner, on behalf of a dying patient who had an important confession to make. I knew the man's nature, and that curiosity alone would bring him.

I returned to her. She lay there strangely and then covered her eyes with her hand.

"You are the other!" she cried.

I threw myself at her side. I poured forth my story. I told her how I had loved her, and how I had sought her, how I still loved her, and how I would die with her.

"We will kill him," I said, and I laughed.

How long I lay there I cannot tell. But she was silent.

At length there came a footstep on the stairs. She heard it, and trembled violently. With a dull foreboding at my heart I rose and stood in the shadow.

Burnside nodded gravely, steering their course with a steady hand and keen eye.

"That's what it is, Morgan! Price is too healthy a fellow to be failing off promiscuously, as he has been doing lately. I can see that. It puzzles Graham, too, in spite of his nonchalance. Do you remember the day he rode away in a huff because Conyers didn't summon him during an illness of Lee's? Pull a stroke harder on your right. Now then, straight ahead! All right!"

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(To be Continued.)

Do You Want to Go to Mexico?

Beginning last January a series of articles was published in SATURDAY NIGHT descriptive of Mexico and its innumerable delights as a winter resort for tourists. These and other articles published in the Canadian press, and the growing popularity of Mexico as her attractiveness becomes better known, induce Mr. J. J. Grafton, whose annual tours to Alaska, Mexico, California and throughout the United States are so well and favorably known, to make a special effort to organize a Canadian section to accompany his next party to the land of the Aztecs. No doubt a great many people are interested in that almost unknown republic just to the south of us, and they may find health, pleasure and commercial profit by joining one of Mr. Grafton's parties. The expense is only $350.00, including all accommodation, meals, etc., in the special vestibuled trains of Pullman, drawing-room and dining cars, carriages, hotel bills, the hire of guides and interpreters, and in fact this includes everything that one needs while on a trip. For this money those who join the first trip in January or the second one in February, may enjoy over seven thousand miles of travel living in the car as comfortably almost as at their own home and being free from the worry and bother and food of Mexican hostelries. The fact that they cannot speak the language will not interrupt their pleasure, as Mr. Grafton and others who thoroughly understand showing tourists through the southern republic, will accompany them. Those who desire to spend longer in the Wonderland of America may have their tickets extended, and everybody having any thought of taking a trip into this Egypt of the new world, this land of pyramids and tropical palms and plenty, those who wish to see the snow-crowned Orizaba and the towering pinnacles of Popocatapetl, the luxuriant foliage of the tropics and the wild scenery of gorge and canyon, should apply to Mr. J. J. Grafton, manager of the tours, 199 Clark street, Chicago, who will be glad to send them illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the itinery and giving full particulars with regard to the sums, dates, minutes and the extent of the trip and the requ rements of the tourists. All those who have traveled with Mr. Grafton are willing to have their names used as references for amongst them those who desire to feel certain of the way tourists are used, might drop a line to Mr. E. H. Jackes, 70 Church street, city, who has himself traveled with Mr. Grafton and can give the names of many Torontonians who have done the same.

A Blow-Over.

Hoffman Howes—Wheah has Howell Gibbon been lately?

Rockaway Beache—Staying at home, dear boy. His name was misspelled in one of the society papers, and he is waiting for the affair to blow oah.

A Back-Handed Tip.

The waiter.—Thanks, sor.

Mr. Mildmay.—What's this?

The waiter.—A quarther, sor. Oi saw yez lift that bit av hair from th' butther, sor, widout raisin' a row in th' pless, an' yez well deserve th' thribute, sor.

The Newest Style.

First flunkey—Ow do you laike the juke of Whimpleton, Snawley?

Second flunkey—Hi ates 'im. Hive given of 'im notice. 'E leaves me hon the fut.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

G. P. M.—1. Your question has answered itself by this time.

A READER.—Paine's exhibition of fireworks have been in the order following: Pompeii, Pekin, Sebastapol, Moscow, Pompeii and Paris.

GOLDEN ROD.—Your answer appeared long ago. If your hands do not show shapely nails can be found in your writing, which is very formed for a person of your extreme youth.

LUCY DARRINGTON.—You did not observe rules for delineation. 2. Blonde or brunette, light or dark chestnut. For bicycle riding navy blue is perhaps the most suitable and popular. Will hunt up your quotation when you send coupon.

C., Ottawa.—Writ ng shows gentleness, refinement, some ambition, lack of decision, ideality, love of beauty, great hasbin d's weaknesses, charm and fascination. Writer has rather unpractical ideas and would spend love and money freely whether wisely or not. Should be a charming woman.

MAPLE, Peterborough.—Writing shows good judgment, deliberation, some ambition, care and prudence, great tact and address, expression, hopefulness, justice and sociability; it is a very beautiful, though somewhat studied, hand, and lacks the firmness and decision that mean force of character.

MOLLIE.—You have rather a strong will, great persistence, immense conservatism, and the most reasonable temper, but your lark is probably worse than your bite. You lack eyn pathy and are probably too frank, but your heart is as warm as that lamp unlovely sharp lines may be more its fault than yours.

HANNAH M.—Writing shows hope, mirth, some ambition, not much ideality, rather fond of talking and not capable of keeping a secret very long, capital energy, guided by judgment, some perseverance, a trifling of a scolding, good-tempered and decidedly strong-willed person, neat and careful, honest and upright.

PEIRCE.—Writing shows mirth and good temper, plenty of perseverance and some ambition. You are of bright and hopeful disposition, rather chary of your confidences, not easily to overrule yourself or others, rather practical than poetical, but not by any means commonplace, and g fted with tact and a very good share of common sense.

WHAT-S-HER-NAME.—Your writing shows adaptability, thoughtfulness, conscientiousness, care and desire for perfection. You are a very quick and decisive person in manner, don't decide quickly nor change easily, would be careful of money, have some ambition but not striking ability, a well balanced mind, apt to judge truly and with justice.

EARNEST.—Writing shows self-will, impatience, energy and facility. Writer has strong feeling and decided tastes, some imagination, self-esteem, determination, is not given to waste his time or money on any thing that does not suit, make a poor philanthropist, as he lacks sympathy, intuition patience, and the faculty of hoping against hope. Is also unduly kcuious, but has a no taste for social intercourse and would be a firm and constant friend.

LADY VALERIA.—Writing shows continued effort, good energy and impulse, adaptability and adaptability, carefulness of details, some love of fun, rather impatient, not very idealistic, but possessing tact and considerable ambition. You can judge for yourself if these qualities make for a musical taste. 2. Could not possibly tell. 3. Am very sorry for the equine disease. 4. Would be very glad to see specimen of it for a graphological study, but you did not say so.

GRACE MILLAR.—Your writing shows a determination and self will that would make you quite beautiful. In fact the study is that of a nature full of undisciplined power, and marred by that fact. You are fond of an argument, just for the love of opposition, ambitious and fond of talk, lack adaptability and gentleness and in every way built your own of stuff. Secretive and fond of secrecy, are full of energy, carelessly directed, impatient of restraint, with strong affection and social instincts.

ICHABAD CRANE.—Sorry you have had to wait so long. Your writing shows rapid thought and corresponding action, has some ability, but is very much more than does that f ow you, Ichabod. You have imagination, sympathy, perseverance, discretion and a quaint sense of humour. You are bit-hearted, sympathetic and generally popular, and when you say no or yes it is generally final. I don't think you will ever lose the stamina's hand through any loosing of your own grip. I like you.

SUSIA—Impossible, my dear sir, to answer you as soon as you want it. Writing shows great energy and perfection and completeness; no skimped or unfinished work would please you; you are close-mouthed, though not taciturn, have some ambition, great sympathy, are generous, are candid, courageous and apt to stick to your principles, even under trying circumstances. You are large hearted and unselfish, and have calm and correct judgment; rather a nice man, you are, judged by your handwriting; you lack ambition and will, but your friends don't know it.

SECRETS.—Writing shows self-respect and refinement, rather a sociable nature, fond of society if congenial, though not able to adapt herself to any opposing elements. Writer is ambitious, though not ambitious hopful, has a pretty will of her own, some tendency to sharp judgment and speech, which traits, added to the social impulse and generosity, make it a waste to write a character sketch; a comp, but properly balanced by sympathy, conscientiousness and generosity would only make a charming and amusing companion. I have time to write in correspondent's hands for manipulation. Lady Gay says your preference has made her very proud.

ZAMBA ZEMBA.—1. Finding a four leafed clover and putting it in your shoe absolutely ensures the secret of your heart's desire being fulfilled in a very short time. Put in the clover, walk up to him with the confidence it inspires and carry him off. 2 The hot weather probably made you ill. You will most likely suffer latter in the winter. 3. I don't care for diamonds for an engagement ring—they are too common. 4. The handwriting has many distinctly beautiful features. 5. How can you be such a goosie as to ask what colors would be becoming without giving me an idea of your style of complexion? Pink and pale green would suit any pea green.

TORONTO BOY.—I am afraid she will have grown tired of waiting in the time; however, here is what your writing shows me. Great energy, far-seeing ambition, good perseverance, some tact and address, some brain, a strong power of building castles in the air, which may or may not tumble in ruins, great facility and generosity, love of fun and mischief, and a good share of common sense. Good to have plenty of chums and be "good company;" your disposition is good, but you lack the balance of "Goose Miller's," and I refer you to her or his delineation for a few traits—remember, only in a very modified form, and which she lacks—a rather over high estimation of yourself.

DOUBLES MAY.—Writing shows great ambition and temperament, good judgment and a good share of thought, though it lacks determination and decision. You are not bad-tempered, but though perhaps given to prunella against the decree of fate. Your study is marred by being written on foreign paper. It shows lack of artistic taste and a certain blunt honesty. Your handwriting is the exact so much for a woman, but is a very interesting study. You are careful to get the plain work of life well done, though you do not care too much for the trimmings. You are very persevering and like your own way, which is sometimes rather puzzling to your friends.

GIPSY LOU.—1. Your charming letter was much enjoyed. I shall be glad to hear from you again. You may address Gipsy Lou care of the Lady Gay and will be sure to get it safely. 2. The person who keeps his hands in his pockets when talking to you is probably a gentleman, but not a gentleman, but I very much prefer the cultured article to the horny handed son of toil who knows enough to raise his hat. I should think you'd have four d out before now that I am fond of flowers. I often betray the fact. 4. I should not ask the man you dislike to. No, she not should inscribe simply Miss ——, unless she has an aunt or other older relative of the same name. In that case she should write the title and the younger adds her Christian name. 6. You have asked so many questions that your delineation must be left over another time. 7. Your writing shows no sign of immaturity.

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. C. L. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to trans act the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery."

Aptly Named.

"This geyser," said the guide in the Yellowstone region, "is called the Political Geyser."

"Ah," replied the tourist. "And why?"

"Because it throws mud."

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

Too Hard for Him.

He traveled all through Africa and expeditions led to hunt the lion in his lair, the tiger in his bed; to get from natives ivory tusks and give them beads instead, and his name was known to all folks far and wide.

He could tell you where the north pole in its secret regions lay; explain the reason why the night was darker than the day; but he could not find his collars which his wife had laid away, though he tried and tried and tried and tried and tried.—*Boston News.*

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Webster's Dictionary at a price within the reach of nearly all. This has more value in it to English-speaking people than any other book of human origin. Price, $1.84; has been sold for $8 to $10 for many years. Just received some beautiful goods for those who can afford them. Butler's tray, $4.98, worth $10. Beautifully finished black walnut invalid trays $2.50, worth $5. Various sizes of finely finished hatracks 98c. up, 1.00 and the usual price. The best clothes horse made, $3.95. An assortment of stair carpet at most popular prices. Children's chairs 54c., worth 75c. Dolls' chairs, high chair, large sized rocker, etc., reduced from 25% and less, selling 40c. All colors shelf paper, 3c. per doz. Large size Royal Canadian clothes wringer, all modern improvements and best india rubber rollers guaranteed to shell, $2.95 each up to $3.25, worth $4 to $6. Four sizes washtubs, 48c. for 50c. 55c. for 65c. 75c. for No. 2, and 79c. for No. 1. These are Eddy's best make. The indurated fibre tub, $1.34. Those beautiful folding "Daisy" tables reduced to $1.20. Blackboards, $1.49, worth $2.50. Beautifully painted and gold banded coal scuttles, medium size, 19c.; large, 24c.; large, with funnel, 33c.; galvanized iron, open, 25c.; with funnel, 39c. Celebrated mirror pipe varnish, 12c., worth 25c. No. 8 copper bottom boiler, 99c., wo th $1.50; No. 0 copper bottom tea kettle, 40c., worth 75c. 10,000 other things as cheap. Come and see. Open evenings. W. H. BENTLEY

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of
SCOTT'S EMULSION,
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for *Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.*

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.

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And in Large Cities Throughout the Dominion
ASK FOR THEM.

I CURE FITS!
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because other quacks have my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because other quacks have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post-office.
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DUNN'S DELICIOUS CUSTARD IN FIVE MINUTES POWDER
SUPPLIES A DAILY LUXURY.

Music.

What a blessed relief the Juch Opera Company was after the Annandale combination! Not that it was a perfect affair by any means; the orchestra and chorus were hardly large enough and the ballet was *non est*. Yet there was an air of business and completeness about the work done by the company that was "wery fillin'." The chorus was not beautiful, oh, no! but its members had voices and could sing. They were not of the steadiest, being some what shaky in Cavalleria and Tannhæuser, but they sang splendidly in Carmen. They filled very much in intonation, any unaccompanied singing being sure to go down. The Pilgrims' chorus in Tannhæuser was especially loosely and carelessly sung. The orchestra was very good, numbering some thirty instruments, of which seven were played by local

EMMA JUCH.

musicians. Signor Bevignani, who conducted, is evidently a capable orchestral director, and secured excellent work from his men. The Tannhæuser music was very well played, although the overture lacked smoothness, and the music of the third act was rather uncertain. Costumes and scenery were good with the exception of those used in the second act of Tannhæuser. The mantles of the knights and the platform of the Court of the Landgrave showed evident signs of "fakement."

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This, too, was a polyglot company. Monsieur Guille sang in Italian in Cavalleria and Faust, and Mr. Mertens sang his principal numbers in Tannhæuser in German. I would forgive M. Guille if he sang in Choctaw with his beautiful voice and excellent method. His voice is a beautifully clear and sweet lyric tenor, but his short thick-set figure and apparently intense egotism make him a very "sticky" Faust. As Turiddu in Cavalleria he was much better and he gave a most impassioned rendering of this part. Mr. Mertens was at his best as the Toreador and as Wolfram Von Eschenbach. His Toreador is always good, though in singing in English he is apt to suffer from a failing intonation, a fault that is absent when he sings in his native tongue. His singing of the prize song in the Tannhæuser and of the Evening Star number was extremely fine.

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Miss Emma Juch surprised me by the great progress she has made in her art. When I first heard her at a musical festival at Chicago in 1884, I was charmed by the exquisite freshness and sweetness of her voice, and was sorry to find a few years later that the heavy work of several Wagner operas then on her repertoire, had seriously impaired that organ. Since then, however, her splendid physique and her perfect method have enabled her to recover all that was in danger, and she is to day one of the best singers on the operatic stage. Her voice is rich, smooth and even, and it is difficult, if not impossible, to place a finger on a single fault. In all her operatic work she is as conscientious and artistic a singer as if she were on the concert platform.

•

Her dramatic powers have grown immensely of late. Her singing of Santuzza in Cavalleria was full of dramatic intensity, and her strong personality made me sympathize with her, in spite of the rather repulsive character she represented. As Elizabeth in Tannhæuser she fairly beamed with gracious goodness, and in the prayer she was the incarnation of tender devotion. Her Carmen has gained in strength and variety of detail, and in this character she shows her great gifts as an actress. She is never idle, never does an undesigned action. Every detail is subservient to her conception of the character. This is not altogether conventional. She is the magnetic, rather than the alluring, Carmen, intellectual rather than sensuous. My faith in Miss Juch, her powers, and her ability is such, that I believe five years, if she retains her health and is under good management, will see her the principal dramatic soprano in the operatic world.

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Her support, apart from those that I have mentioned, was very good. Mr. Franz Vetta is as good and as popular as ever, as is his charming wife, known as Miss Lizzie McNichol. Miss Amanda Fabris suffered from a severe cold, on which account the performance of Lohengrin was changed to that of Carmen. For this reason perhaps it would be unfair to deal critically with her singing, which was not what I should have expected from her delightful efforts in Faust and The Queen of Sheba three years ago. Signor Monte-Griffo has improved in both English and singing, and is now a highly credit able member of the company. His Don Jose and Tannhæuser were very good performances.

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The two novelties, Mascagnis' Cavalleria Rusticana and Wagner's Tannhæuser created the most interest, the performances of Carmen and Faust being indifferently attended. Cavalleria has drawn down upon itself the blame of no less a personage than Antonin Dvorak, but I venture, in spite of this, to predict that it will live and be popular. A strong story and intensely strong music well befit its designation, that of a melodrama. Mascagni has crowded the musical incident and variety of a five-act opera into the short space of one hour and twenty minutes, and every second of that time bubbles over with something worth listening to. There is frequently a suggestion of Gounod in the orchestral coloring, and liberal allusion, so to speak, to Wagner in a certain involved treatment of his themes, but this is not a sin on the part of a young man of twenty-six, who is surely of an enthusiastic temperament. The music is rich, bold and highly colored, and the listener who tries to take it all in at a first hearing has his time fully occupied.

•

During the week there has been so much use of the word "Tannhæuser," which has been in almost all cases mispronounced, that I feel like delivering a little lecture on the subject. It is almost always pronounced "Tannhou'er." This is wrong. It should be "Tann'hoi er."

* * * The performance of the opera was a very fair one, but much of the wealth of detail had to be omitted, owing to the paucity of the chorus and orchestra and the absence of a ballet. The latter item is an important one, as it enables the eye to aid the imagination in determining the extent of the joys offered to the weak-minded knight by Venus and her satellites. The orchestral work of Tannhæuser, again, is well worth listening to, but it requires a very complete orchestra to prevent dignity from degenerating into heaviness. As one of the earliest of Wagner's music dramas, it already indicates the tendency of the composer to depart from conventional rules, but is far from the distance reached by his later works, and perhaps on this account is more generally popular. Its music is strong and dignified, never trivial, even in describing the allurements of Venus, voluptuous throng. To me it is redolent of the heart of Germany, of Saxony, and is rich in the solidity and honesty of theme expression of the national character.

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Besides the Juch opera we have had a deluge of music lately. On Wednesday evening hundreds were turned away from the Church of the Redeemer, when Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. Douglas Bird were the soloists at a Harvest Service of Song. Mrs. Caldwell was in charming voice and gave a very devotional rendering of Hear Us, Father, and with the choir sang the Inflammatus brilliantly. Mr. Bird gave a feeling rendition of Eternal Rest. The choir, numbering over forty voices, sang excellently, while its soloists, Misses Gaylord, Beach and Kleiser and Mr. Schuch acquitted themselves most creditably.

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Thursday evening was the beginning of a three days' engagement at the Auditorium, of Master Albert Stettenbenz, the boy soloist of Trinity Church, Buffalo. This lad is younger than Kavanagh, with a bright, animated face, and a voice of great sweetness and power. He sings with great taste and a good deal of expression. He was assisted by Miss Sara Lord Bailey of Chicago, an elocutionist of good gifts and a fine presence. Messrs. Bird and Warrington also took part. Mr. Bird sang excellently with more than his usual care and conscientiousness. Mr. Warrington also was very successful, his humorous encore songs winning great applause.

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We have had two chamber music organizations with us. The Boston Symphony Club at the Pavilion rejoiced in very poor houses, though their performance was an exceedingly fine one. Mr. Rhodes, their solo violinist, is a very cultured player, one who has all the traditions of virtuosity at command. He has a fine tone, delicacy and elegance, and the best taste, but lacks individuality and magnetism. Mr. Theodore Hoch is a splendid cornet soloist. He has a fine rich tone, full of breadth and beauty, and has all the technical facility required. Miss Toulmin, a niece of the veteran bandmaster in this city, is a harpist of excellent parts, and created quite a success. The ensemble playing of the club was very artistic and effective. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, in its concert on Monday evening had a good audience, but suffered in its performance through the absence, caused by illness, of Mr. Eugene Boezner, its leader. An effort to restore the equilibrium of the ensemble was made by securing the assistance of Mr Kuchermeister, a new arrival in Toronto, and the ensemble were fairly satisfactory, but it is only natural that they should not be of the artistic value acquired by a body of men who had been playing together for some months. The instrumental solos were all good, while Miss Marie Bernard, the vocalist of the party, was more than satisfactory. She has a fine mezzo soprano voice with a good method, and sings her songs well. Her Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark suffered somewhat by being transposed, which deprived the flute part of its brilliancy.

•

Monday evening brings us Mr. Barrington Foote, the well known English baritone, who was here with Mme. Albani, and who is one of the best known figures on the English concert platform. He will be supported by two clever little pianistes, Senoritas Mercedes and Maritu. They will appear at the Auditorium. The same evening brings the *debut* of the Amateur Pinafore Company at the Grand Opera House in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital. Monday week will bring Miss M. Irene Gurney's piano recital in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital, when she will be assisted by Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Douglas Bird. Thursday, November 5, St. George's Society's annual concert will be given at the Pavilion, when Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Gertrude Leadley, Mr. Douglas Bird, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, Mr. E. W. Schuch, and Mr. W. E. Ramsay will take part, Mr. F. H. Torrington acting as accompanist.

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Mr. Boscovitz will give a piano recital for the students in the College of Music on Saturday, November 7, at 3 p.m. Friends of the students who may wish to attend will require to procure tickets at the college office.

•

Mrs. Murray Dickson, at one time leading soprano of the Bond street Congregational church, has returned to town after extended study in Boston with Mr. Geo. L. Osborne.

METRONOME.

Feeling His Way.

To the average beholder he would readily have been taken for a man-of-all work, doing odd jobs from door to door, thrifty and respectable, and that's what a Hastings street woman thought he was as he popped in at the back gate and approached her with confidence: "Good morning, ma'am," he said quietly. "Have you any wood to saw to-day?"

"No," she repl ed, not unkindly; "it was all sawed yesterday and put away."

"Any coal you want taken in the cellar?"

"No, but we may have some to-morrow."

"You have no grass to cut, I suppose?" he ventured next.

"Oh, no" she said; "it's too late for that now."

"Are there any ashes or garbage you want carried out?"

"No, we have that done by contract."

"And there's nothing at all about the place you want done?"

"Nothing to-day," she said sympathetically.

"No work of any kind?"

"No a lick."

"Thank heaven for that, ma'am!" he ejaculated fervently; "give me some cold meat and bread and a piece of pie. I'm nearly hungry enough to have worked for it."

The tramp's diploma, and tact won the battle and he got the grub.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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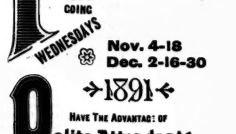

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HAMILTON.

As the autumn days advance there seems to be a strong regard on the part of the fair sex for afternoon teas, and there were no less than four last week, which were well attended by the ladies, as it happened that none of the stronger sex were welcomed.

Miss Madeline Bell received a large number of friends on Thursday afternoon between the hours of five and seven o'clock. Among those who were present were the Misses Barker, Mackay, Lottridge, Hendrie, Dyment, Chapman, Hobson, Bull, MacDonald, Dunlop, Turner, Fuller, Roach, Gartshore, Findlay, Faulkner, Mackenzie, Sinclair, Grant, and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Allan left for Brockville on Monday evening, after having spent a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Travers.

On Wednesday Miss Hobson entertained a few friends at five o'clock tea.

Mrs. Muir, of Detroit, who has been the guest of Mrs. Leggat, has returned home again.

Miss Chapman entertained the following young ladies at luncheon on Thursday: Misses Baker, Dyment, Mills, Dunlop, Bull, Hobson, A. Hobson, Bell, and Miss Lang, of Toronto, who is the guest of Mrs. Chapman.

Mrs. Crawford of the rectory, Hannah street, entertained a number of friends at afternoon tea on Saturday. Among those present were: Mesdames Lottridge, Baker, Bruce, Robertson, Gunn and Misses Ramsay, Bruce, Faulkner, Hobson, Hendrie and Lottridge.

Mrs. Gartshore gave a charming luncheon at Ravelston, on Friday, in honor of Miss Muir and the Misses Hendrie of Detroit. Those present were Misses Hendrie, Harvey, McGiverin, Dunlop, Fleming and Leslie of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlton have returned from their country residence where they enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant summer.

Miss Sinclair of Herkimer street is the guest of Mrs. Cosby, Toronto.

Mrs. John S. Hendrie gave a delightful luncheon on Wednesday, to the following ladies: Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Muir, Miss Hendrie, Mrs. Jones, Miss McGiverin, Miss Hendrie of Detroit and Miss Muir of Detroit.

Mrs. George C. Thompson gave a small tea on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Thompson looked charming in a black lace skirt and pink blouse. I noticed Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Newburn, Misses Bruce, Chapman, Dyment, Lottridge, Mills, Hendrie, McGiverin, Gartshore, Lottridge, Hamilton, Dunlop, Turner, Baker and Barker.

Mrs. George Glassco gave a large At Home at her pretty residence on Wednesday afternoon. I will not be able to give an account of the dance this week, but hope to next. I believe about five hundred invitations were issued and a great many strangers were present.

Mrs. C. J. Jones gave a charming little evening on Tuesday.

The wedding of Miss Wood and Mr. Robt. Hobson will take place shortly. SYLVIA.

Coming Theatrical Attractions.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—it used to be Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt—with her son Maurice, his wife, the little grandson, her niece, Mlle. Seyior, of Paris, a pretty adopted daughter from New York, together with her menservants and maids and her dramatic company, will arrive in a special train Wednesday evening. The tour is under the personal direction of Henry E. Abbey, although the latter disclaims assuming any responsibility with the great tragedienne's pets. These, according to the latest census made in San Francisco, are as follows: One savage Danish bloodhound, one monster curly-haired St. Bernard, one Tasmanian opossum, one tame kangaroo, three trained apes. It is safe to say that the pets will not be entertained with the actress, but will undoubtedly be sidetracked and will remain in the special coach devoted to their use.

Of the acting of the name-part in The American Girl, the attraction at the Academy for the first three nights of next week, the Montreal *Gazette* says: "Jasmine, the American Girl, was successfully portrayed by Miss Lillian Rowley, an actress who last evening made her first appearance on the Montreal stage. Miss Rowley does well throughout, but at no time is her work truer and more earnest than when brought into conjunction with her motherly instincts. In the heavier dramatic portions she may be the least bit weak, but taking the interpretation of the character throughout, it is one for which Miss Rowley may emphatically be complimented. The play is by H. Grattan Donnelly, the well known author of Natural Gas and Rosina Vokes' A Night at the Circus.

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Tommy (inopportune small brother)—My grandpa was a policeman, he was.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WATSON—On Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 182 Jarvis street, the wife of Thomas Watson—a daughter.
CHARLES—Woodstock, Mrs. D. H. Charles—a daughter.
DOUGLAS—Sarnia, Mrs. J. C. Douglas—a son.
RAMSAY—Oct. 17, Mrs. W. E. Ramsay—a daughter.
STRACHAN—Brussels, Mrs. Alex Strachan—a son.
ANDERSON—Oct. 19, Mrs. D. M. Anderson—a daughter.
ELLIOTT—Oct. 19, Mrs. Sydney B. Elliott—a daughter.
McILWRAITH—Oct. 14, Mrs. T. F. McIlwraith—a daughter.
WILSON—Oct. 10, Mrs. H. A. Wilson—a son.
McPAUL—Stayner, Mrs A. McPaul—a daughter.
CLOUSE—Oct 15, Mrs. Elias Clouse—a daughter.
KENNEDY—Phelpston, Mrs. James Kennedy—a son.
RUSSELL—Vespra, Mrs. Robert Russell—a daughter.
O'LOANE—Oct. 16, Mrs. J. T. O'Loane—a daughter.

Marriages.

SAUNDERS—FRANCOIS—At Detroit, Mich., on Tuesday, October 20, 1891, James S. Saunders of Toronto to Lucile Francois, daughter of Theo. Francois, Belgian Consul, Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders are at present guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Saunders, parents of the groom, 94 Bond street.
DOVE—WHITE—Grantham, Eng., A. L. Dove to E. T. White.
HOLDEN—SQUIRRELL—Oct. 14, G. Holden to E. Squirrell.
MORPHY—JOHNSON—Windsor, Oct. 13, W. S. Morphy to Helen Johnson.
BAXTER—LOCKE—Oct. 14, Wm. Baxter to Annie Locke.
BURT—HUMPHREY—Scarboro, W. Burt to Lizzie Humphrey.
PARKER—MAY—Oct. 14, J. D. Parker to Kitty May.
SMART—COOPER—Grafton, R. W. Smart to G. A. Cooper.
McLAREN—ANDERSON—Guelph, P. J. McLaren to M. E. Anderson.
SHIPP—TURNEY—Oct. 14, Francis W. Shipp to Louie Turney.
PERRY—McBRIDE—Vancouver, W. S. Perry to Lizzie McBride.
BLANSHARD—COULTER—Oct. 7, F. G. Blanshard to Emily Coulter.
LOBBAN—JONES—Oct. 19, Wm. Lobban to Jessie Jones.
HAAS—HEES—Oct. 21, Stephen Scumer Haas to Kate Rathbun Hees.

Deaths.

CLARK—Oct. 12, Maria Bach Clark, aged 68.
LEWIS—Oct. 13, Sarah Louis Lewis, aged 3.
OLDRIGHT—Oct. 14, Major John Oldright.
HUGHES—Montreal, Walter K. Hughes, aged 14.
BEATY—Oct. 17, John Herbert Beaty, aged 44
HENDERSON—Oct. 17, William Henderson, aged 74.
TROWELL—Kingston, Capt. John Trowell, aged 78.
ALLIN—Orono, A. A. Allin, aged 24.
ROPER—Peterboro', Grace A. Roper.
STURROCK—Lagan, John Sturrock, aged 64.
WEATHERBEE—Oct. 12, Mary Weatherbee, aged 40.
ARMSTRONG—Buffalo, Robert Armstrong, aged 60.
BREEN—Oct 20, Anne Breen, aged 34
CARSON—Oct. 19, Maggie Carson, aged 8.
HOPKINS—Port Colborne, Johanna Hopkins, aged 64.
MELDRUM—Oct. 20, Eleanor Graham Meldrum.
PETERS—Peterboro', Robert Peters, aged 88.
STENNETT—Oct. 20, Thomas Stennett, aged 62.
SMITH—Uxbridge, Susie M. Smith, aged 21.
McCORD—Oct 16, Charlotte McCord, aged 73.
EASTWOOD—Oct. 11, John Eastwood, aged 78.
HANSFORD—Oct. 11, Wm. Hansford, aged 61.
LILLEY—Oct. 20, Ann Lilley.
LOWERY—Petrolea, William Lowery, aged 60.
THACKER—Oct. 18, Charles F. Thacker, aged 78.
CHAPMAN—Etobicoke, Anne Chapman, aged 75.
SMITH—Oct. 18, Frances Smith, aged 1.
SHARPE—Oct. 5, Henry Sharpe, aged 76.
MANDERSON—Oct. 17, John Manderson, aged 69.
GLYNN—Oct. 15, Laurence Glynn, aged 69.
WEATHERSTON—Baltimore, N. C. Weatherston.
YOUNG—Picton, Anne Innes Young.
WRIGHT—Oct. 17, John Wright, aged 62.
YULE—Oct. 19, Sarah M. Yule, aged 22.
SWALES—Stouffville, William Swales, aged 85.

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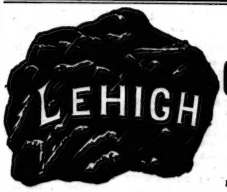

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